

APRIL 3, 1880.

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 540.—Vol. XXI.

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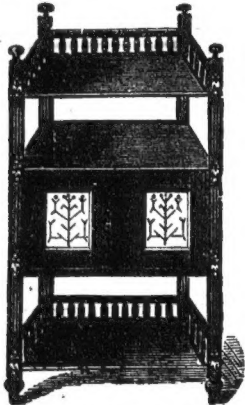
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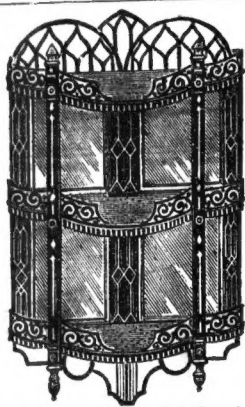
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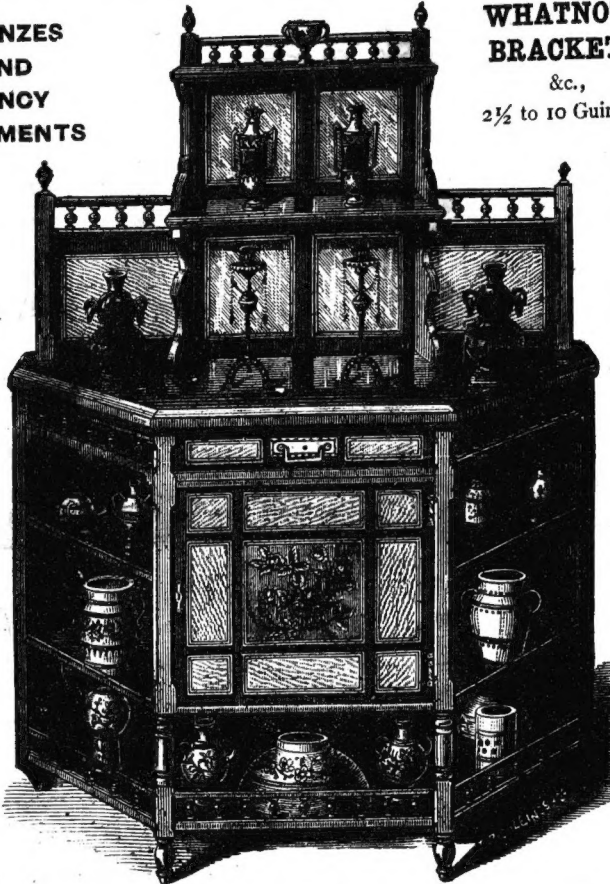
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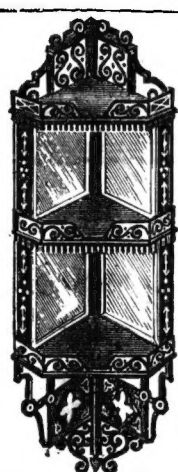
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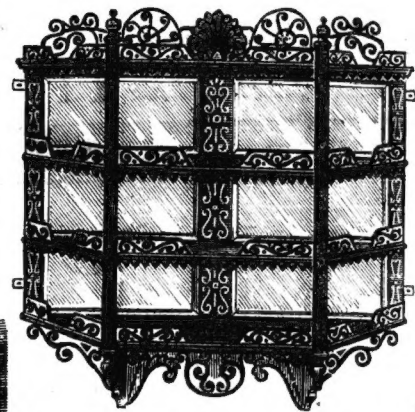
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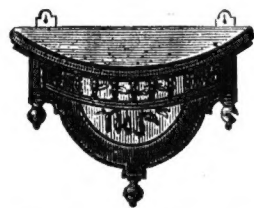
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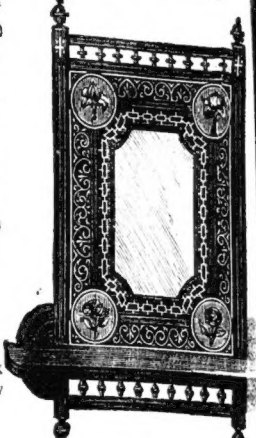
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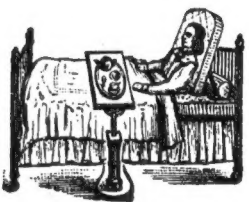
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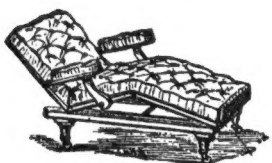
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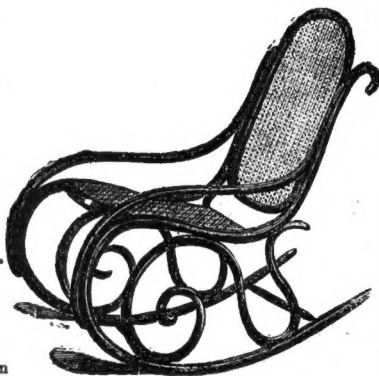
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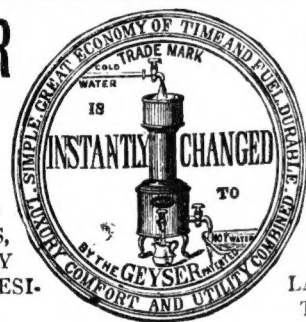
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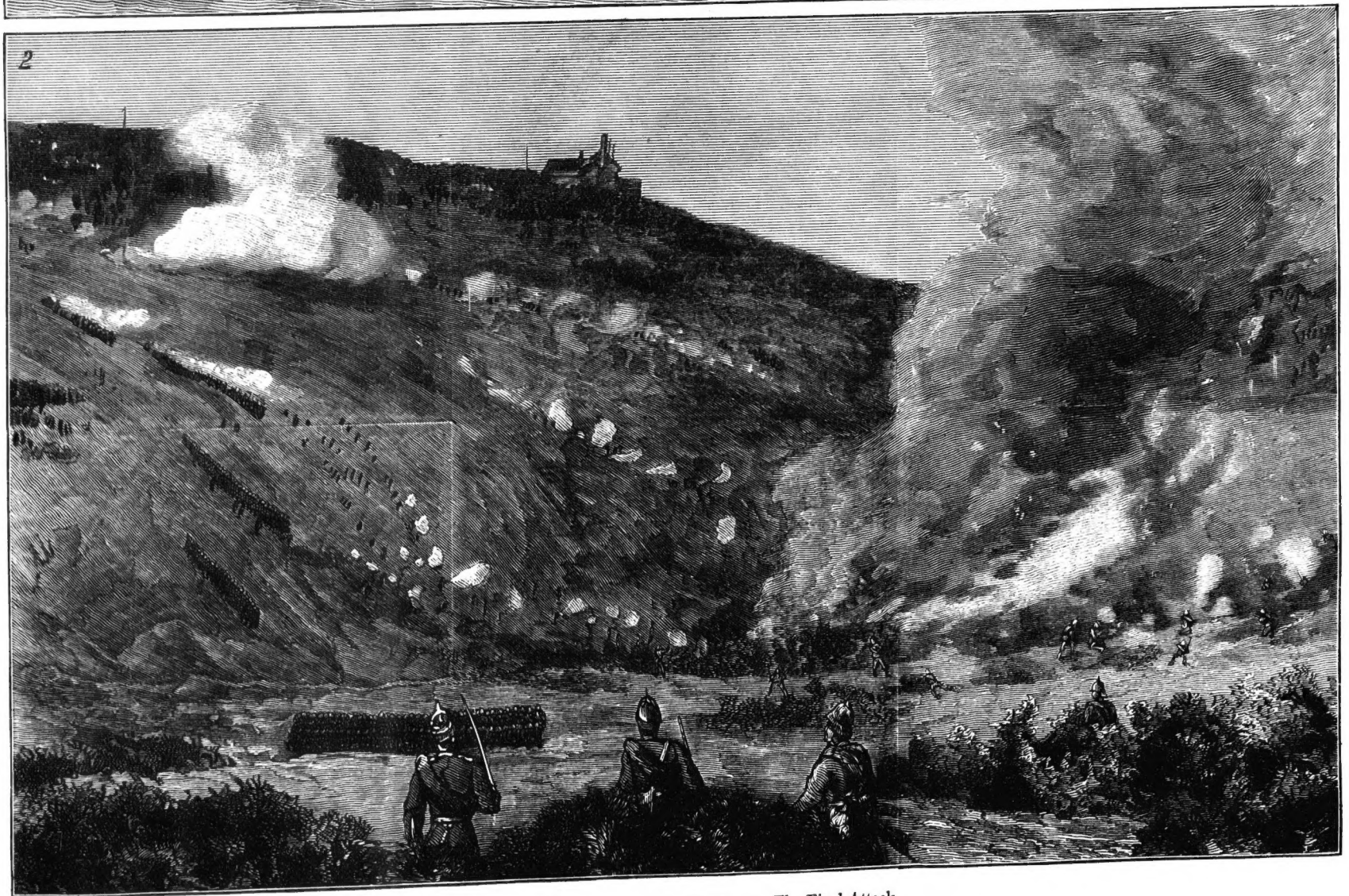
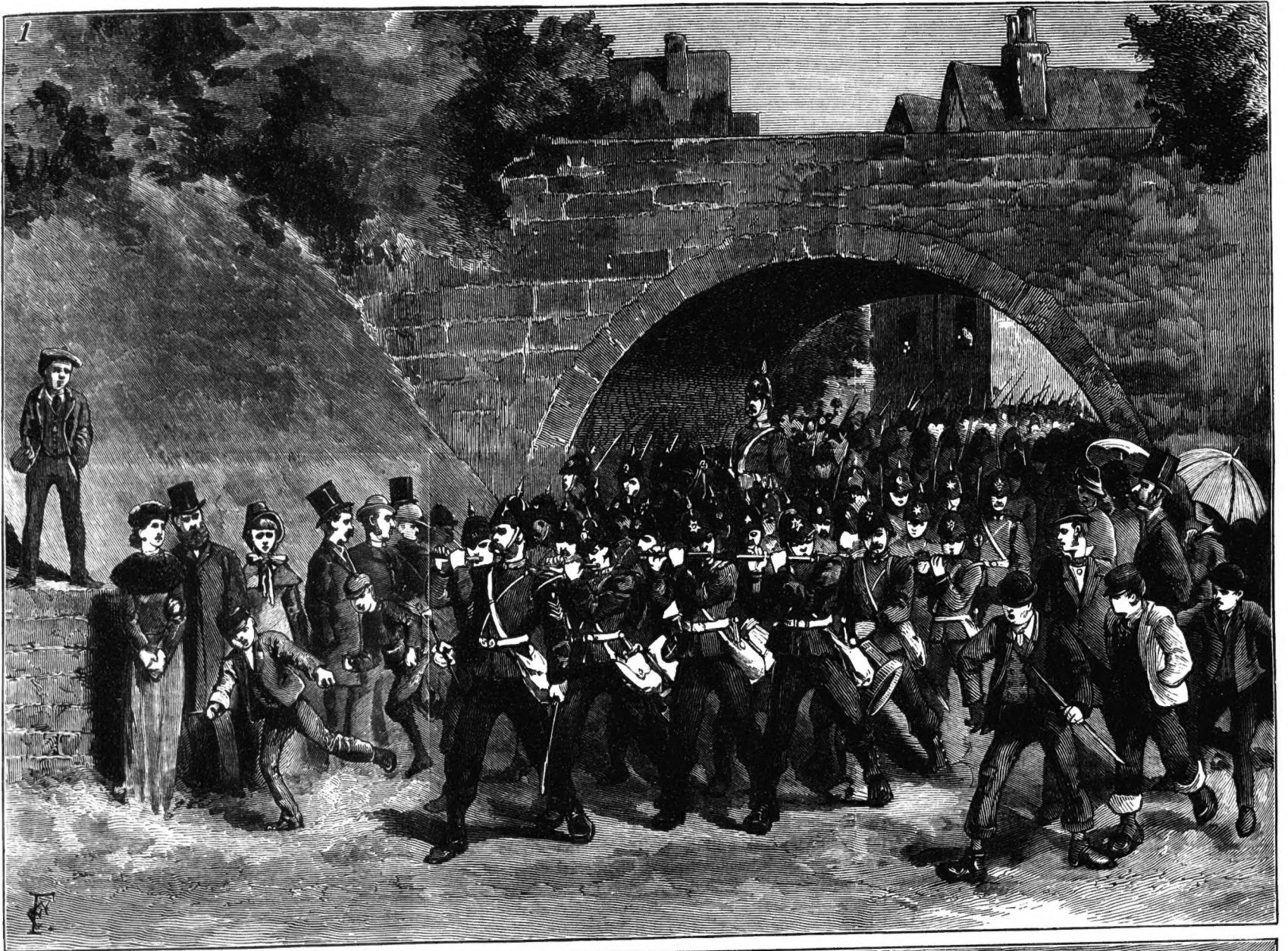
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 540.—VOL. XXI.
Reg^d at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1880

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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1. A Metropolitan Detachment on the March.—2. The Final Attack.
THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON

Topics of the Week

VOTE BY BALLOT.—Few people probably would now be disposed to go back to the old plan of open voting. For this reason it is instructive to remember that for years Mr. Berkeley's proposal was received with the good-humoured ridicule which awaits the crotchet of an individual member of Parliament who is personally popular; that when it gradually began to gain adherents it was stoutly opposed, as being unmanly and un-English; and that now, after it has been for some years in operation, no one wishes for its repeal. At the same time the Ballot is not a thing to be proud of, for it indicates the existence of some very unpleasant qualities in human nature. It shows that there are people who are ready to bribe and bully; and also that there are people who are willing to be bribed, and who will submit to be bullied. Just, therefore, as tavern regulations are rendered necessary because some persons will get drunk, so the Ballot is devised for the protection of a weak-kneed minority of voters. It is not unnatural, then, that the average elector, who is not afraid of avowing his political predilections, should feel, when he enters the polling-booth for the purpose of secretly recording his vote, more like an impecunious person who is about to pawn his watch than like a British citizen exercising the proudest privilege of a freeman. To turn to another branch of this subject, it is to be hoped that the ample instructions issued by election committees and others for the guidance of electors will prevent the loss of many votes through ignorance of the required conditions. The mistakes which cause votes to be vitiated are chiefly of two kinds. Voters, especially of the less educated sort, seem unable to grasp the fact that a simple cross can be enough on a document of importance; they fancy their signature, or, at all events, their initials, must be needed to render the transaction valid. The other error is still more natural, because it is caused by the difference existing between the municipal (including the School Board) and the Parliamentary plan of voting. In the former the electors' votes are cumulative, that is, they can all be heaped on one candidate; in the latter, he cannot give any candidate more than one vote, though he may split that vote among two or three according to the number to be returned. It would be a useful little reform if the two systems were rendered identical, and we incline to think that the cumulative system would more fairly test the popularity of candidates individually. As matters now are, candidates of the same colour are generally run in couples, and the popularity of one of the pair ensures the return of his feebler yoke-fellow.

PEERS AND THE ELECTIONS.—It is supposed to be one of the unwritten rules of the English Constitution that Peers shall not interfere to influence the votes of electors. In the present General Election this rule has been treated with very slight respect. Lord Beaconsfield, by his letter to the Duke of Marlborough, made a vigorous effort to secure support; and his example was speedily followed by Lord Granville, who delivered one of the most persuasive speeches that have been uttered on the Liberal side. Lord Derby's letter, reiterating his sympathy with the party to which he was formerly opposed, can have had no other object than to win favour for his new friends; and the letter of Lord Grey was written with a precisely similar intention. It is curious that no objection has been offered by politicians of any class to these and other attempts of the same kind. Not so very long ago an outcry would have been raised against any nobleman who ventured to take this sort of advantage of his position; but now an earl is allowed to have his say like his neighbours, if he avoids the use of unfair pressure. The fact unquestionably deserves to be regarded as one of the signs of the times. It is not solely, or in any great measure, due to the ballot; we believe it is to be explained rather by the growing independence of the English people. The sentiment of equality has not made so much progress in this country as in France, but men of all classes are much less inclined than they were in the last generation to submit to dictation. Even the farmers, who are quite as essential to the landlords as the landlords are to them, have begun to learn their power; and intelligent workmen would regard it as an insult if it were supposed that they allowed themselves to be guided by the advice of their social "superiors." Hence there is no particular reason why a nobleman should not express his sentiments as well as other people. As a rule his opinions are taken for what they are worth, and at most exercise absolute sway only over his immediate dependents.

FRANCE AND THE JESUITS.—No fault can be found with the French Government for insisting that unauthorised congregations shall submit their statutes to it with a view to obtaining legal authorisation. The decree breaking up the Jesuit establishments is, however, of very doubtful expediency. That the Jesuits were at one time a really dangerous body there can be no doubt; the fact is admitted by every impartial historian, and may be regarded as proved by the proceedings taken against them at different times by sincerely Catholic Governments. But there is no sort of evidence that their activity is now attended by peril to society. It may be true that they do not like a Republican form of Government; but their opinions on this subject are shared by large numbers of Frenchmen who have no sympathy with many of

their principles on other matters. Besides, there was nothing to prevent the Government from following M. Littré's advice, and subjecting Jesuit teachers to a rigid system of inspection. It may be assumed that the decree is technically legal; but to furbish up against a particular body old and almost forgotten statutes has certainly the appearance of great harshness. The measure has keenly irritated the clergy, who were beginning to acquiesce in the existing system, but who may now be excused for looking upon it with suspicion and dread. It is difficult to believe that men of such calmness and moderation as M. Grévy and M. de Freycinet would of their own accord have struck so violent a blow at the enemies of the Republic. They have acted under the pressure of a fanatical section of politicians, who are dominated by much the same spirit as that of the Jesuits themselves. It is this aspect of the incident which causes most uneasiness to many of the truest friends of France in foreign countries. If the Ministry have been forced to give way to extreme counsellors in the present instance, will they be able to hold their own in regard to questions of still wider significance?

ELECTORAL EASTER EGGS.—The peace and good-will which ought especially to prevail among Christians during the celebration of their chief annual festival have been somewhat marred this Easter by the turmoil of the impending elections. It is curious to note how much more strife and ill-will there is now than there was a month ago, although precisely the same issues are before the country at the present time as there were then. The secret of the increased acerbity consists in the fact that the struggle for mastery, which then lay in the dim autumnal distance, is now in active progress. Even with the shortened period allowed for polling and other modern reforms, an election cannot be regarded by the lover of mankind as a very edifying spectacle. There is a great deal of egg-throwing, both actual and metaphorical, and the eggs thus thrown are of a very different character to the dainty Easter specimens exhibited in the shop-windows. When actual corporeal eggs are thrown, as lately at Chester and Enniscorthy, they are either filled with gas tar, or judiciously kept so long as to be a mass of stinking corruption within. But, after all, the worst these real eggs do is to spoil the clothes of those whom they hit; whereas the metaphorical eggs breed continuous malice and ill-will. Happily we have not yet attained to the circulation of those abominable private slanders which are rife at election times in the United States; still even here there are many electioneering accusations made which are often quite unjustifiable, and which are deliberately intended to cause injury. Altogether the Radicals are the most spiteful. This need not be due to their political creed, but because they are the attacking party, while the Government naturally stand on the defensive. Then comes the question, whether all this abuse, which in private matters would be regarded as outrageous, helps on the cause of those who utter it. We think that it tends to disgust fair-minded people. For instance, when we read of Professor Rogers telling the Southwark electors that "the Tories all voted for the 'cat,' as they voted for everything that was dishonest, brutal, and unfair" (he has since been obliged to admit that the charge was untrue, as concerns Mr. Clarke), and when we find him retailing some ill-natured tittle-tattle (which also afterwards proved to be unfounded) about Mr. Cattle and his workmen (whose remuneration for overtime is surely an affair between themselves and their employer), we feel that if we were Southwark electors we should (politics apart) do all we could to keep this Professor of Polite Language out of Parliament. Perhaps before these lines appear in print he has been chosen an M.P.; if so, there is comfort in the thought that the House of Commons exercises a remarkably taming influence. Those who are lions outside often roar like sucking-doves within its walls.

FRESH TALENT IN POLITICS.—Complaint is often made at the time of general elections that few new men of proved ability or of obvious promise come forward as candidates. It is a good sign that during this election a very considerable amount of fresh talent has given animation to the contest. Foremost among the prominent politicians of the younger generation is Mr. John Morley, who, although he has not had the good fortune to be returned for Westminster, has already taken high rank in the Liberal party. He has proved that he knows how to sway a popular audience without appealing either to mean passions or prejudices, and that he brings to the consideration of political questions a thoroughly practical intelligence as well as an ardent love of justice. Mr. Bryce has shown in his own way qualities of a similar kind; making up for a slighter grasp of philosophical principles by a larger historical knowledge. Lord Ramsay will not compare with either of these politicians, but he is anything but a commonplace Member of Parliament, and when he has acquired a little more caution than he yet possesses his liveliness and "go" will make him a most valuable addition to a rather humdrum assembly. The public hardly knows Mr. Herbert Gladstone as yet; but Mr. Lowe's panegyric recalls the exclamation of Burke after the maiden speech of the younger Pitt, "It is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself!" The meagre reports of his speeches in the daily papers certainly suggest that he has inherited not a little of his father's power of fervid utterance. All these names are on the Liberal side; but the Tories may at least point to Mr. Clarke, who can hardly fail sooner or later to carve his way to fame. It is surprising that the leaders of the two parties do not take more trouble to look out for candidates of this

stamp, and to encourage them to choose politics for their career. There must be a considerable number of able men who would be only too glad, if they had the chance, to vary the monotonous dullness of respectable mediocrity in Parliament.

LADY COUTTS AND THE MIDDLESEX ELECTION.—The reply of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts to Mr. Samuel Morley's letter inviting her to contribute to the expenses of the candidature of "Little Billee" (that is, of Mr. Herbert Gladstone), is worth noting for two or three reasons. Firstly, Lady Coutts belongs to a sex which is incapacitated from direct electoral power; secondly, she is a woman whose generous use of her riches has earned for her a wide popularity; and thirdly, her letter expresses in concise and sensible language a view of the political situation which has for some time past been influencing the minds of many hesitating electors in the direction of the Government. In the present condition of Ireland, when, whatever their internal squabbles may be, three-fourths of the members returned seem likely to be thoroughly anti-British in their aspirations, a weak Government would be a serious calamity. Now, in spite of the victories which they have won at the beginning of the fray, it seems doubtful whether the Liberals will gain such a majority as to render them independent of the assistance of the Home Rulers, whereas if those electors who have hitherto not made up their minds, will resolve to support the Government, not necessarily because they approve of all they have done, but for the broad reasons indicated above, the Home Rulers will be reduced to comparative impotence, because the adhesion of these hesitating electors would give the Conservatives, notwithstanding the Liberalism of Wales and Scotland, a fair working majority. A few years more in the cold shade of Opposition would probably do much to consolidate the Liberal Party, which has been enervated by its prolonged spell of office, and, as a solidly-constructed Opposition is a real boon to the country, we need not, as patriots, grudge the Tories another innings. The Conservatives would do well to circulate among the electors the letters both of Lady Coutts and of Earl Grey. Such temperate manifestoes would do them more good than the commonplace squibs with which they are too apt to be content.

TORYISM AND SOCIALISM.—A writer in one of the magazines for April raises the question whether Toryism, as interpreted by Lord Beaconsfield, has not more affinity than Liberalism with the great Socialist movement on the Continent. He answers the question in the affirmative, and although this will be regarded as a mere paradox by some Englishmen we are not at all sure that he is wrong. The essential principle of Socialism is that the power of the State should be enormously strengthened. Lassalle, the founder of German Socialism, was never tired of denouncing and ridiculing what he considered the conception of the Manchester School—that the sole function of the State is to exercise the duties of police, so as to give every citizen free play for his energies. This, he maintained, would be a very good principle if every citizen came into the world with advantages equal to those of his neighbours. But, as a matter of fact, men are born with very unequal talents and fortunes; and Lassalle believed that if the State does no more than protect property and individual freedom, the weak must inevitably be trodden down by the strong. His conclusion was that Governments ought to undertake the task of equalising human happiness by organising industry and commerce, and by taking measures for a fair division of the products of labour. No class of Tories would accept his doctrine; but Conservatives both in this country and on the Continent have always been so far in agreement with him that they have insisted on the State being powerful and beneficent. They have usually, for instance, been much more willing than Liberals to come to the help of distressed classes by instituting public works; and it has not been from Liberals that such measures as the Ten Hours' Bill have received the most ardent support. It must, however, be observed that in regard to matters of this kind there has recently been a great change in the tone of the more advanced section of the English Liberals. Few Radicals would now be content with the theory of the State which was popular among them in the days of Mr. Cobden's supremacy. It is they who are most anxious for a large expenditure on public education, and they would be quite ready to transfer to a Government which they themselves controlled many kinds of enterprise which are now mainly left to private energy. The only politicians who seem to hold by the old principle of non-interference are the Whigs and a few philosophers like Mr. Herbert Spencer.

MONOTONY CAUSED BY THE ELECTIONS.—"When this cruel war is over," many people will be heartily glad, if only because conversation and newspapers will become more entertaining. At present the election-fever is like the fogs of the past winter, it penetrates everywhere and gets into everything. The monotony of the newspapers is portentous. What with lists of candidates, electioneering intelligence, and candidates' speeches, there is scarcely room for anything else. The report of the sham fight on Brighton Downs (though usually told at tedious length) together with the account of the Easter holiday entertainments, was welcomed like an oasis in the electioneering desert. Conversation fares still worse, whether among strangers or in

society. Every railway carriage is filled with ardent partisans whose opinions are stimulated by the placards and banners displayed at conspicuous points along the line. In private life, the typical old gentleman who, even in quiet times, talked politics after dinner, now talks in company with a number of patient listeners and loquacious disputants, inasmuch that his wife surmises that the gentlemen have forgotten that there is such a region as the drawing-room. In the country, matters are still worse, because there the ladies throw themselves eagerly into the fray. They have husbands, brothers, fathers, sons, who are either candidates, or at least committeemen, and, of course, though, as a rule they care little for politics in the abstract, they are mightily eager and enthusiastic. It is the good-humoured slightly cynical person—who holds that there is not much difference between Liberals and Conservatives when they are saddled with the responsibilities of office, and who regards the elections with scant respect as being the machinery for producing a vast talking machine which luckily is only wound up for six months of the year—it is this person who will rejoice with the most heartiness when all the fuss comes to an end.

NOTICE.—With this Number is published an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "AN ELECTION A HUNDRED YEARS AGO."—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 348 and 357.



LYCEUM.—MERCHANT OF VENICE Every Evening, at 8.15. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Morning Performances every Saturday during April at 2 o'clock.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS, 200 yards from the "Angel."—Proprietor and Manager, Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN.—SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.—At the close of this series of performances Mrs. Bateman begs to acknowledge the kindly reception her effort to revive those great works, the old home of the classic drama, has received from press and public, and to announce that during the next season she trusts to worthily present HAMLET, JULIUS CÆSAR, RICHARD III., KING JOHN, HENRY VIII., &c., to the patrons of NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—SATURDAY, March 27, and Every Evening, at 8, Tom Taylor's great drama, CLANCARTY, with new and appropriate scenery, dresses, and appointments. Clancarty, Mr. W. H. Vernon; Lady Clancarty, Miss Isabel Bateman. Prices from 6d. to 7s. 6d. No fees.

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NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.—Every Evening, at 7, THE PIERROT'S DAY OUT, Mr. Frank Sims' Ballet Troupe. At 7.30, RUSSIA, by R. Reece and H. B. Farnie. Messrs. F. Gould, Dobell, Monkhouse, Syms, Parker, Ghenny, Grant; Mdlles. Marie Allen, Agnes Thomas, Jane Coveney, M. A. Victor, Inch, &c. To conclude with THE DIVIDED HOUSE.

MADAME DAX DALTON, the celebrated prima donna, from the principal theatres of Europe, has arrived in London for the season, and is open to ENGAGEMENTS for private and public concerts, &c. For terms apply to the Manager of "La Posta di Londra," Furnival's Inn, London, who will undertake to engage by order also other celebrated opera singers and musical conductors.

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All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher. THE PARIS OFFICE of this paper is 15, Rue Blue, where subscriptions and advertisements can also be received.



THE BRIGHTON VOLUNTEER REVIEW

THE Easter gathering of Volunteers, which was so nearly being put aside altogether in consequence of the General Election, was a complete success from every point of view, the fine weather adding to the brilliancy of the scene, which attracted, it is said, over 400,000 spectators to the Sussex Downs. Some of the metropolitan corps, deciding to march down, left town as early as the Thursday; others followed on Saturday, and on Sunday Brighton was exceptionally gay with music and military display, whilst the church parades held during the day under the dome of the Pavilion were attended by large congregations of Volunteers. On Monday the various corps were astir betimes, and though the contingents taken from London by rail on that morning were delayed en route by the fog, the whole of the forces managed to get into position by the appointed time. The Brighton force, under Major-General Radcliffe, C.B., 11,878 men and twenty guns, took up a strong position, extending from Newmarket Plantation to Balls Dean, its centre being on Newmarket Hill; whilst the Lewes, or attacking force, under Major-General J. Turner, C.B., 8,911 men and ten guns, was stationed opposite to them on Kingston Hill. The signal gun announcing the commencement of the battle was fired at first between twelve, and both sides went at it with a will, the "enemy" marching gallantly forward on the coveted positions, and Brighton's defenders as gallantly repelling their attack. For more than two hours the combat raged with varying fortune, and when "cease firing" was sounded, the Lewes force had succeeded in establishing itself in the Newmarket Plantation, which had at first been held by the defenders. Both sides, however, naturally claimed the victory, and it would be presumptuous in us to anticipate the decision of the Umpires. A novel and interesting feature in the day's proceedings was the employment of three captive balloons by the attacking force to signal by electric telegram the movements of their foe, while the outposts of the defence were all connected by telephone with the central division. The crowd of spectators was very dense, and though no wilful resistance was offered to those who had charge of the arrangements, the 16th Lancers, who kept the ground, had much difficulty in clearing the course for the march past. For nearly an hour the Duke of Cambridge waited on horseback at the saluting point, he was at last joined by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Duke of Teck, General Lysons, Colonel Bray, and other military notabilities, and the march past commenced. The Volunteers had not been idle during the interval, for though most of them had been marching and firing for nearly twenty-four hours, and that with no refreshment except what each man carried with him, there was not a strap or buckle of their uniform or accoutrements out of place, and they all went by in a smart jaunty manner which elicited high praise, not only from the mass of observers but from the Commander-in-Chief himself. The guns of the Artillery were each drawn by six horses, driven by countrymen with long whips, and the "Crusader" balloon attached to its wagon brought up the rear, saluting His Royal Highness by descending some distance as it passed. Our sketches need no special description.

VISIT OF THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE TO ZULULAND

THE ex-Empress Eugénie left England last week on her mournful errand to South Africa. Travelling incognito under the name of the Countess of Pierrefonds, she left Waterloo Station on the Thursday morning in a carriage, which, on reaching Southampton, was detached from the train and run into a shed in the Docks, so that the arrival and departure might be kept as private as possible. The ex-Empress was received by Sir B. Phillips, Chairman of the Union

Company, and at once led on board the steam tender, which conveyed her to the Union Company's steamship *German*, in which the voyage will be made.

Among the company which assembled to witness Her Majesty's departure were Prince Charles Bonaparte, the Dukes of Bassano and Fernand Nunez, the Princess Anna Murat, the Duchess de Mouchy, M. Pietri, and Uhlmann, the valet of the late Prince, who identified the body on its arrival in England, and to whom the Empress presented, in the *German's* saloon, a photograph of her son. There were also present the Bishop of St. Albans and the Hon. Mrs. Claughton, Lord Dorchester, Canon Wilberforce, Sir Owen Burne, Sir Lintorn Simmonds, and Messrs. G. Mercer and H. Maynard, two of the directors of the Union Company.

The dock-quay was kept clear of spectators; but as the tender passed out, the crowd outside waved adieu to the ex-Empress, who bowed several times in acknowledgment. Her Majesty is accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Campbell (who goes out to visit the grave of her husband, who fell at Zolobane), Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, the Marquis of Bassano (son of the Duke of Bassano), Dr. Scott, Lieutenant Slade, and five servants, two of whom were the English servants of the late Prince. The *German* will probably arrive at Durban towards the end of April. The Empress, after a rest of a few days, will then travel by land to the valley of Ityotyazi, where her son fell, her movements being so arranged that the donga where the Prince fell on the 1st of June will be reached as nearly as possible at the hour at which the disaster occurred. The *German*, which is one of the finest and fastest of the Union Company's fleet, was built by Messrs. Denny of Dumbarton, and made her first voyage in 1877. The cabins occupied by her Majesty are on the port side of the vessel, and are luxuriously and tastefully fitted and furnished. The return voyage will be performed either in the *German* or the *Trojan*, another fine vessel belonging to the Union Company.

THE NAGA EXPEDITION

LIEUTENANT R. G. HENDERSON, of the 44th Ghorkhas, to whom we are indebted for the sketches from which our engravings are taken, writes as follows from Sachema:—

"The forts erected by the Nagas on the site of the now destroyed village of Konoma are shown in one of my sketches. They were built on terraces, one above and commanding the other. The highest is now occupied by a detachment of the 44th Ghorkhas, who have destroyed the lower forts. Each terrace originally was about fifteen feet higher than the terrace beneath, until the summit of the hill was reached, whence the terraces in successive steps led down the reverse slope. Each was surrounded by a high stone wall, with a tower in the centre. From this it will be evident how terribly strong and difficult of capture these forts were, and how impossible to scale if the Nagas opposed a firm resistance, which they did. In spite of this, however, the gallant Ghorkhas of the 44th took the lowest fort, and the remainder were evacuated by the enemy during the night. The loss of the storming party was one quarter of their number—i.e., twenty killed, twenty-three wounded, including two officers killed and one wounded. The guns, on account of the obstructed view, the strength of the walls, and the difficulty of dropping shells at such a short distance, did not afford very effectual aid. The Nagas say only one of their men was killed by artillery fire, and eight by rifle shots, so well were they protected by their works. Every avenue and approach was commanded by their loopholes.

"Attached to the screen behind the Naga warriors' grave, shown in Sketch 3, is a bottle of Zoo or Naga beer, and his fighting spear, differing from the spear used on state occasions (Sketch 2) by being shorter and not ornamented. Each Naga carries two, and is a deadly shot at sixty yards. Lately, however, the Nagas have taken to firearms, and the three villages of Konoma, Mozema, and Jotsoma count over 400 guns and rifles among them, of which sixty have been taken from Sepoys. They were well supplied with ammunition, and can procure more from Manipur when they want it, at least so they say. They number now 600 men, and have taken up a position on the Konoma ridge, shown in Sketch 1, one mile above their old village. Sketch 5 represents the grave of a Naga woman. The cone-shaped article like a shield is a hat worn in wet weather. A basket containing household implements and a workbasket are also hung up at the grave."

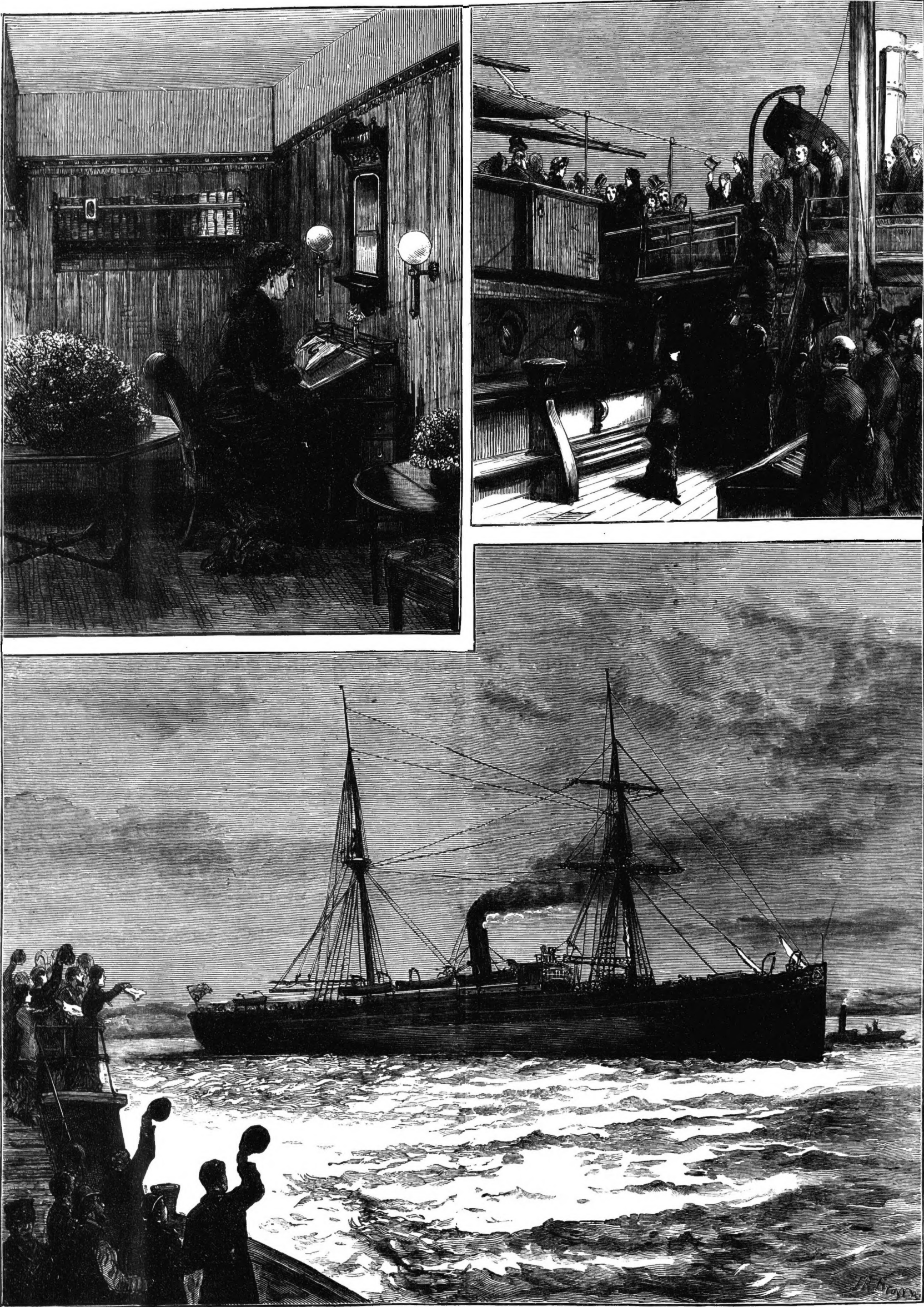
ELECTIONS PAST AND PRESENT

THE introduction of the Ballot Act has wrought a vast change in the character of elections, and though in modern times there is as much real excitement and deep interest in the questions at issue as there ever has been, they are of a more intellectual kind, and not so given to develop into licentiousness and drunken riot, as was the case fifty years ago. Then "free and independent" electors, especially when they had been liberally "treated," were not inclined to listen to reason from the lips of an obnoxious candidate, and the evidence of their disfavour but too often were of a distressingly material kind. Rotten eggs, flour, dead cats and dead dogs, and even brickbats were showered upon the hapless orator on the hustings, who did well to retire from the fray with as little delay as dignity and circumstances would permit. Differences of electoral opinion were, as a rule, settled by hard knocks in preference to argument; and the collisions of rival factions were a distinctive feature of the times. Bribery and treating were the rule rather than the exception, and as often as not the way to an election vote lay through the wine bottle and the beer cask or the purse. The latter was, indeed, an all-powerful agent. Whole boroughs were often bought and sold; though, judging from the records which exist, they were rather expensive possessions. A noble lord once gave as much as 100,000l. for a tiny borough of about twenty-five houses and scarcely a hundred inhabitants, and there was a constituency which was actually "sold by order of the Court of Chancery."

The Ballot Act and the improved general education of the country have completely changed all this, and it is well. Popular interest and excitement are still as great as ever; but, except in a few cases here and there, order is maintained throughout the struggle, the contest is carried on in a comparatively sober and rational way, and corruption is practically dead. Candidates, perhaps, are as much given to the use of invective, to the propagation of wild mis-statements, and sometimes to the infusion into the dispute of personalities as bitter, if not as brutally coarse, as those of their ancestors. These must ever, perhaps, be features of an election contest; in the excitement of which a candidate's imagination is apt to overcome his other faculties, and he may, therefore, be pardoned if he shows a disposition to "lose his head." On the whole, however, we are much milder, much politer—in a word, much more gentlemanly, in our behaviour, though perhaps we are not quite so humorous nor so witty as in years gone by. We talk of the "good old times;" but it is scarcely open to doubt that the country has lost very little and gained a great deal of good by recent changes; and if election times are less amusing, they are much more dignified and befitting a great nation than they were.

BEFORE THE HUSTINGS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

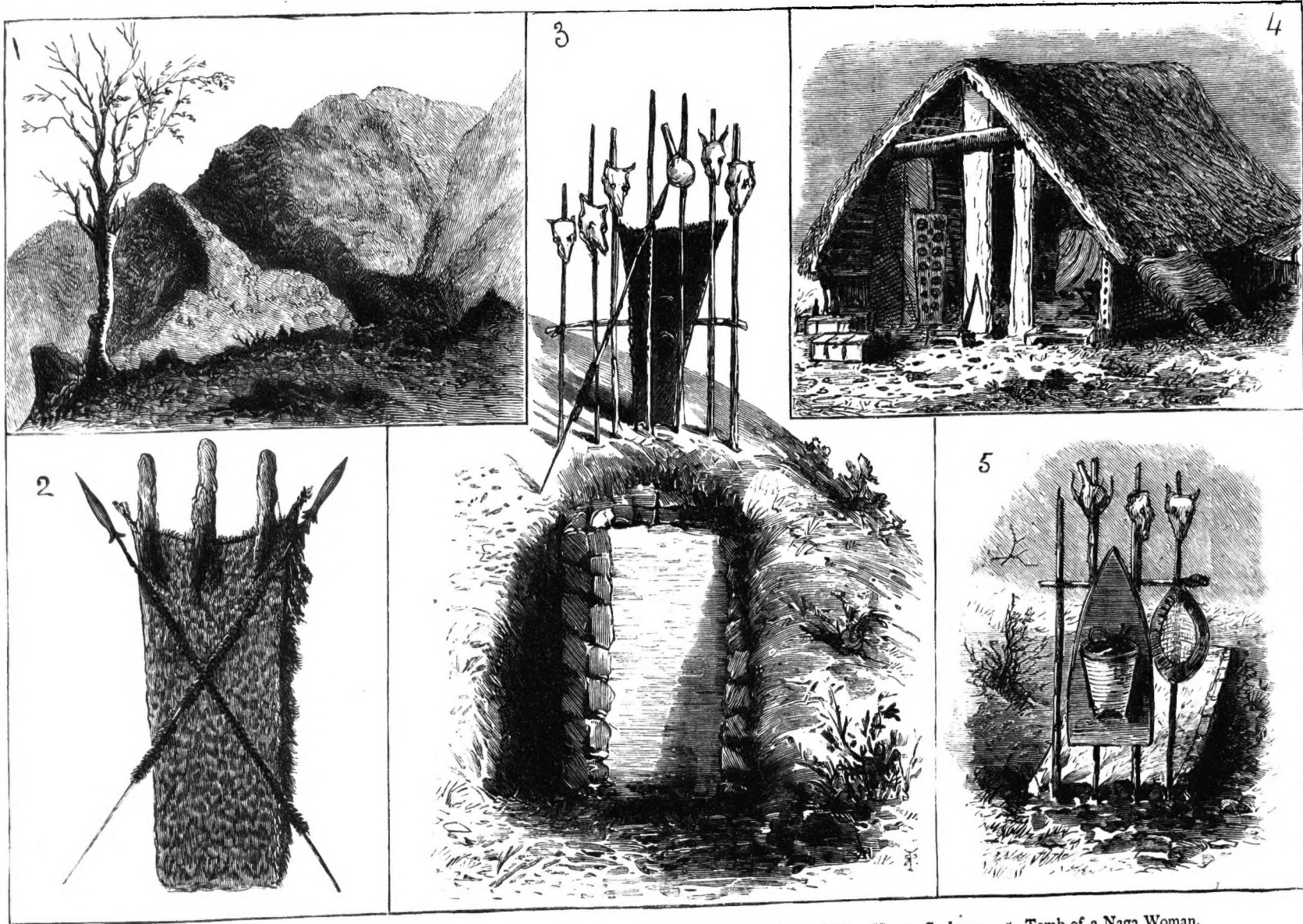
"THE General Election of 1784," says Lord John Russell, who of course writes as a staunch Whig, "determined for more than forty years the question of the Government of England, and restored to power the party which, during the American War, supported every error and upheld every abuse."



1. The Empress's Boudoir on Board the *German*.—2. The Embarkation.—3. "Farewell:" The *German* Leaving Southampton Water.
VISIT OF THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE TO ZULULAND—THE DEPARTURE FROM SOUTHAMPTON



VISIT OF THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE TO ZULULAND—THE EMPRESS TAKING LEAVE OF HER FRIENDS AT WATERLOO STATION



1. View of Konoma from Sachema.—2. Naga Trophies.—3. Grave of a Naga Warrior.—4. Officers' Mess House, Sachema.—5. Tomb of a Naga Woman.
THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE NAGAS—SKETCHES AT KONOMA

There were three candidates for the two vacant seats at Westminster, the representation of which was, at that time, considered the Blue Ribbon of the House of Commons. The polling began April 1st, and lasted (Sundays excepted) till May 18th. The result of the poll showed the following figures:—Lord Hood (the distinguished naval officer), 6,694; Mr. Fox, 6,233; and Sir Cecil Wray, 5,998. Sir Cecil, however, demanded a scrutiny; and as the High Bailiff refused to proclaim the result officially without a Parliamentary inquiry, Mr. Fox had, after all, to take his seat as a Scotch representative. The Westminster mob revenged themselves by demolishing the hustings and carrying Fox in procession.

This election caused extreme excitement, especially in Westminster; the Prince of Wales appeared on the hustings as a partisan of Fox; and the greatest ladies of the Whig party, with the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire at their head, lavished their smiles on the hesitating voters.

M. ERNEST RENAN;

"NOTRE DAME," OR DOUBLE PEAK MOUNTAIN,
STRAITS OF MAGELLAN;

AND

THE CAPTURE OF COLONEL SYNGE

See page 348.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 349.

FIJI SKETCHES

THE Fijian Archipelago, consisting altogether of 254 islands, two of which are of considerable size, namely, Viti Levu and Vanua Levu, became a British colony in 1874 under a deed of cession from King Thakombau. As we have on several former occasions given full details concerning the islands and their inhabitants, we will here simply describe our engravings, which are from photographs lent to us by Mr. Geo. M. T. Harper, a coffee-planter in the colony:—

No. 1 shows the Boiling Springs at Savu Savu Bay on Vanua Levu. Those springs are not medicinal, and possess no properties beyond those of hot water.

No. 2 represents one of the Government House boats and its Fijian crew. The Colonial Secretary's office is in the background.

No. 3.—Close to Levuka is Nasova, where Government House is at present, though it is about to be removed to Suva, in the island of Viti Levu. Like all the other houses, Government House is weatherboarded. The thatched roof depicted here has lately been replaced by shingles. The peculiar-looking tree is the Pandanus, from the leaves of which sugar mat-bags are made.

No. 4 represents a large Fijian double canoe, with a big chief and retinue on board. It has doubtless come from some distance, carrying a number of chiefs to some native gathering. A great *palaver* of this kind takes place every year, at which matters of more or less interest are discussed.

No. 5, Levuka, the commercial capital of the colony, is situated upon the Island of Ovalau, and from the sea presents an unusually pretty aspect, reminding one of Hong Kong. The harbour is protected by a reef, two openings in which admit at any time vessels of the largest tonnage. The houses smack of the West Indian style, and are set off well by backgrounds of tropical vegetation. Ovalau is 1,700 miles from Sydney, N.S.W., and the trip occupies seven days by the usual mail steam service. The general view of Levuka is from a hill at the Government House end of the town. Round the faraway corner there are a number of private houses belonging to the merchants and civil servants.

No. 6, part of Beach Street, Levuka, near the Supreme Court House. This shows the style of buildings at present in use in Fiji. They are all weather-boarded, and with either shingle or galvanised roofs. The beach at this particular point is used as a fruit and vegetable market by the natives, who come from the neighbouring islands in their canoes laden with yams, taro, sweet potatoes, fish, oranges, limes, pineapples, coco-nuts, melons, grenadillas, &c. The Church is the Wesleyan Mission one, and the insignificant-looking office beside the boathouse is that of the Fiji Times, a growing and powerful pioneer newspaper.

In No. 7 a scene on a Cotton Plantation on the Island of Cicia is given. The island is one of the windward group; it is surrounded by groves of cocoanut, lime, and bread fruit trees. The houses are built of wooden post framework, with walls of reeds and roofs thatched with the sugar-cane leaf. Nevertheless, as most of the cooking is carried on in the open air, conflagrations are rare.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. "ORONTES"

THIS vessel recently arrived at Portsmouth after a four months' cruise. Our engravings, which are from sketches by Lieutenant Frederick Elton, illustrate some of the incidents which occurred during her trip.

The first sketch shows the *Orontes* labouring heavily in a north-easter off Durban (Natal). The time was midnight; there were two anchors down, and steam up, causing smoke from both funnels. On the left a lighthouse is visible.

The next shows the condition of the starboard anchor, as it lay on the fore-castle when weighed after the gale.

In another the *Orontes* is seen offering assistance by signal to a steamer stranded on a spit of land in the Red Sea. The wrecked crew were living in tents on the sand spit, with their boats hauled up on the beach.

The last sketches depict two events, respectively sorrowful and joyful, the latter of which is of rare occurrence on board a man-of-war. In that which shows the burial of a soldier, the corpse is covered by a Union Jack in the gangway, ready for heaving overboard, and the clergyman is reading the service. The other represents the marriage of a sergeant of the 74th Highlanders (which regiment was coming home on board the *Orontes*) to a young widow who happened to be taking passage from Singapore.

ERECTING MEMORIAL TABLETS IN THE PEIWAR KHOTAL

THE attack on the Peiwar Khotal on December 2, 1878, was one of the earliest actions of the war. It was a brilliant storm on the Afghan camp by General Roberts a few days after he had reached the Peiwar Pass. The enemy were driven from their position with great loss, all guns were captured, and the Afghans pursued as far as Ali Kheyl. Our loss amounted to eighty men killed and wounded, including Captain Kelso, R.A., and Captain Anderson, 23rd Pioneers. Our illustration, from a sketch by Mr. I. J. Stuart, represents the erection of tablets to those troops who fell in the action by some of their surviving comrades.

FOOTBALL SKETCHES

"THE RIVAL TEAMS" show the competitors in a game in which boys were pitted against men, and beat them by four goals to one. Mark the grotesque attitudes of the adults, and the, if possible, more grotesque positions of their juvenile adversaries. These two engravings are copied from a beautifully executed volume of lithographs, entitled "Random Drawings of Darlingtonian Doings," by John Dinsdale (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), a book which consists of thirteen large pages of sporting and other subjects, treated in a highly humorous manner, which says much for the observant powers, quick wit, and ready skill of the artist. Our other subject,

"Running with the Ball," needs little comment. The game is, of course, being played under the old Rugby Rules (for those of the Association permit not the ball to be handled), and the fleet-footed player who has managed to get hold of the leather is straining every nerve to carry it into goal by dodging his opponents, one of whom has just failed in a clever attempt to trip him up by throwing himself upon the ground, whilst the rest are pressing him hard. This engraving is from a sketch by Mr. W. B. Wollen.



THE GENERAL ELECTION.—We are now fairly in the midst of the struggle which has been looked forward to with so much anxiety and expectation. The nominations began on Tuesday, and some few aspirants for Parliamentary honours, whose pretensions were undisputed, were formally elected. Next day the pollings began, and day by day the fight has gone steadily on. By the time these lines are in the hands of our readers, a sufficient number of returns will have been made to enable one to make a fair guess at the final result, which cannot be precisely known until the end of the month, when the last election will have been reported. There are about one hundred uncontested seats, of which two-thirds go to the Conservatives. In Scotland the Liberals are allowed to take sixteen seats without a struggle, whilst every Conservative will be opposed. In Ireland the Home Rulers are undoubtedly strong, being unopposed in five counties and the city of Waterford. The result of the first day's pollings was a gain to the Liberals of sixteen seats, counting thirty-one on a division, and the party organs were very naturally jubilant and sanguine that their gains would increase day by day. We have not the gift of prophecy, but it is perhaps safe to say that even if the Liberals succeed in turning their minority into a majority, it must be a very small one, which will be practically at the mercy of the Home Rule party. For the 652 seats in the United Kingdom (the six vacant seats not having as yet been distributed), there are 1,096 candidates, who are thus classified:—Liberals, 490; Moderate Liberal, 1; Independent Liberal, 1; Radical, 1—493. Independent Candidates, 4. Conservatives, 497; Liberal Conservatives, 6; Independent Conservative, 1—504. Home Rulers, 88; Conservative Home Rulers, 2—90. Undescribed, 5. We have no space to notice in detail the oceans of words which are still being poured over the country and reproduced in the daily Press to the almost complete exclusion of other and, we are bold to say, more interesting and profitable matter. It must suffice to say that even leathern-lunged Mr. Gladstone broke down for a time, though he has now recovered, and is as free of speech as ever; that Dictator Parnell has been mobbed and maltreated at one or two "nationalist" meetings; and that there have been semi-political rioting and misconduct at several places in different parts of the country, notably at Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands, where Mr. Pender's opponents, not strong enough to start an opposition candidate, have tried to get rid of him by pushing his carriage into the sea—an attempt only frustrated by a fortunate accident; and at Dundee, where a cab engaged by Mr. Blair, one of the candidates, as a platform from which to speak to an open air meeting, was literally smashed to pieces by the mob.

THE NEW KNIGHTS.—Her Majesty has conferred the distinction of the Grand Cross of the Bath (Civil Division) upon the Right Hon. Stephen Cave, late Paymaster General; and that of Knight Commander of the Bath (Civil Division) upon Mr. Theodore Martin, C.B., LL.D., the biographer of the late Prince Consort.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKIÖLD.—The *Vega* only arrived at Portsmouth on Thursday last week, being two days late in consequence of rough weather in the Channel. Professor Nordenskiöld and Lieutenant Palander reached London on the evening of Good Friday, and were entertained on Saturday by Mr. Clements Markham, C.B., Sir G. Nares, and other Arctic officers being invited to meet them. On Sunday they lunched with Count Piper, the Swedish Consul, and dined with Sir Allen Young. On Monday they went to Stratton on a visit to the Earl of Northbrook, President of the Royal Geographical Society; on Tuesday, after visiting Winchester Cathedral, they went on to Coombe Park, the residence of Mr. Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society. They returned to London on Wednesday, on which day they dined at the Swedish Embassy, and the long-postponed fete of the Scandinavian Club was held, several songs having been expressly composed for the occasion. On Thursday the Professor was to leave London for Paris.

THE HOLIDAYS.—The fine weather which happily lasted through the holidays had an unmistakable effect upon the crowds of pleasure-seekers, for although London was not absolutely deserted, there was a very considerable exodus of excursionists by rail, road, and river. The museums, picture galleries, and theatres attracted fewer visitors than usual; whilst at all places of open-air entertainment vast crowds of people assembled. It is stated that more drunkenness was observable than upon any general holiday for some time past. One inebriate was expelled from the British Museum. On Good Friday three young men were drowned near Purfleet by the upsetting of a small boat, in which they had embarked for a pleasure trip. There was a fourth man in the boat, who swam to a vessel at anchor, and was saved.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.—News comes from Queenstown of the rescue of Captain Beale, master and only survivor of the *Lizzie M'Merrill*, which foundered in mid-Atlantic after being struck by a heavy sea, which burst the decks. Captain Beale, after clinging for eighty hours to a plank only eight feet in length, was picked up by the barque *Vigilant*, which brought him to Queenstown.

DANGEROUS PERFORMANCES.—Zazel, the "human cannon ball," has met with another accident; this time at the Ulster Hall, Belfast. She was being hoisted to the cannon's mouth, when the rope broke, and she fell.



THE TURF.—Warned perhaps by the remembrance of the very uncongenial weather of the Easter of last year, the lessees of race-courses and enterprising promoters of race meetings have not catered so extensively for holiday folk during this week as they did in 1879. A whole host of gatherings however have been held, of which Kempton Park, Durham, Manchester, and Croydon have been among the chief, while a cross-country venture, under the title of Enfield, though held near Potter's Bar, made a successful start. At Kempton the sport was excellent, Mr. Foy showing a strong hand by taking a brace of two-year-old events with Henbane and Hackness, and Mr. Rymill's stable preserving its recent good form by the victory of Mexico in the March Handicap, which further inspired the backers of Rosy Cross for the City and Suburban. Essayez, who gained many a winning bracket last year, began his three-year-old career by beating eight others in the Sunbury Welter,

and by running second to Lord Sidmouth in the Hallford Plate. At Manchester Old Ironstone won the Lancashire Handicap, and Northfleet the Palatine Hurdle Race. Durham under influential patronage afforded excellent sport, and in these days, when so many horses break down prematurely in their career, it is a pleasure to find no less than three aged ones running for the Durham Handicap in a field of eight, and two of them, Omega and Umbria, getting places, though beaten for first by the lightly-weighted Skelgate Maid. Concord who, it may be remembered, ran so prominently in the Lincolnshire Handicap, carried off the High-Weight Plate easily enough from six others, and Wandering Willie, who worked hard and successfully last season, beat a field of seven for the Wynyard Plate.—As regards future events, the City and Suburban is the only one on which much speculation has taken place. Master Kildare seems to have firmly established himself at the head of the poll, with Rosy Cross and Westbourne next in demand. The American horse Parole shows signs of revival, and probably before long one of the Russley horses, Victor Chief or Visconti, will advance to the front rank.—At Paris, Rayon d'Or's recent victory, over two miles and five furlongs, when he left his field as he liked, shows the stuff he is made of, and it is not a very hazardous prophecy to say that he will probably demonstrate his claim to be considered one of the best horses of modern times.

COURSING.—The recent meeting at Plumpton will long be remembered for the contest for the South of England Cup, as no less than twelve late Waterloos were entered for it; of these five remained in the third round, and two of them, Market Day and Dalcardo, ran the deciding course, which resulted in the victory of the former.

FOOTBALL.—The Association Cup contest has arrived at its last stage, the penultimate game having been played between Oxford University and Nottingham Forest, on Saturday last, at the Oval. The first appearance in London of the famous Midland men, who had long been considered the destined winners of the Cup, caused a large assemblage of lovers of the game, who were rewarded with as fine a display of football as has been seen this season. Up to half time, so equally balanced were matters that neither side scored, but at last Oxford got the ball between their adversary's posts, and maintaining their advantage to the end, won by one goal to none. The final struggle for the much-coveted trophy thus rests between Oxford and Clapham Rovers.—For the fifth time Scotland and Wales have antagonised in an Association game; and last Saturday's contest at Hampden Park, Glasgow, resulted, as the four previous ones had done, in the defeat of the Welshmen.

RACQUETS.—The annual racquet competition between Oxford and Cambridge each year seems to create more interest. It came off this week at Prince's, and in both the double and single-handed matches, as fully anticipated, the Light Blues were victorious. All four players showed good form, but it is by no means invidious to say that the Hon. Ivo Bligh, of Trinity, Cambridge, bore off the palm.



NOTWITHSTANDING the political excitement of the time and its supposed depressing influences upon theatrical enterprise, a few novelties—or at least of changed programme—are to be noted this Easter in our theatres. At the VAUDEVILLE on Saturday evening there was produced a new and original play by Mr. Charles Wills, a writer practically unknown to the London stage; but unhappily not with any very satisfactory result. There appears to be an established rule at this theatre that each new piece should comprise very prominent parts of a kind to suit the peculiar humour and general talents of Mr. James and Mr. Thorne; and this is no doubt a very desirable thing. The mistake is in supposing that two parts of this kind, even if they are exceptionally clever and amusing, will compensate for the absence of ingenuity of construction or an interesting story. In the present instance the author has really very little story to tell. He seems to have desired to exemplify the folly of a widower of plain habits and humble origin uniting himself with an aristocratic lady; the case being complicated by the widower's habit of connecting himself with joint-stock undertakings. Although this subject, however, is rather laboriously set forth in the first act, little comes of it. The haughty and unsympathetic wife disappears very early from the scene, and the husband's fear that his daughter had been corrupted by the frivolous habits of her stepmother and her connections proves to be groundless. Nor is the son apparently much injured; though, as he gambles on the Turf in association with the haughty lady's brother, and forges his father's name to a bill of exchange in order to extricate himself from embarrassments, he may be said to have indirectly suffered by the father's second marriage. The young man's misbehaviour, however, and the father's ultimate forgiveness, though they furnish the main theme of the last two acts, awaken scarcely any interest; nor does the rather desultory love-making with which the piece is supplied arouse much sympathy. What entertainment was afforded was mainly derived from the broad humour of Mr. James's portrait of a drunken undertaker, who lends money at sixty per cent., and who claims to be a Good Templar gone temporarily astray. Mr. Thorne's part, which is more strictly incidental, is that of an enthusiastic engineer and inventor, who becomes in the last act rather sentimentally inclined—not much to the satisfaction of the audience. The young ladies' parts, played by Miss Bishop and Miss Illington, are, after the fashion of this theatre, wholly subordinate. That entertaining actress, Miss Larkin, is provided with the part of an illiterate, much tried, elderly wife, in which she acquits herself with her customary skill—though this is a character rather more in the way of Mrs. Stephens. *Cobwebs* was not received with much favour; nor is it likely to hold possession of the Vaudeville stage for any considerable time.

The appearance of the famous Hanlon-Lees at the Gaiety Theatre in *Le Voyage en Suisse* has fully justified the great reputation acquired by these performers, who are not only perfect masters of the almost lost art of pantomimic expression, but very fertile in dexterous tricks, and inventive in the way of humorous incidents beyond anything that has been seen on our stage in recent times. The piece in which they appear is designed to afford them almost inexhaustible opportunities for the display of those powers. As the two servants whose manoeuvres during the Swiss tour perpetually frustrate the attempt of Mr. Popperton (Mr. Penley) to declare his passion to his travelling companion Julia (Miss Lawler), they are enabled alternately to surprise, alarm, and convulse the audience with laughter. The wreck of the hotel, the destruction of the Pullman car, the overthrowing of the omnibus, the wild game of hide and seek with the gendarme, are incidents not to be described but seen. The Hanlon-Lees Brothers are accompanied by their clever coadjutor, M. Agoust, and are supported by a powerful company. The French piece has been cleverly adapted in three acts and five tableaux, by Mr. Robert Reece.

Under the title *Nightingale's Party*, a version has been produced at the Gaiety of Offenbach's clever operetta, *M. Chouffuri restera chez lui*. It is the introductory piece to the entertainments of the

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evening, and is cleverly sustained by Miss Rose, Mr. Penley, Mr. Ward, Mr. Newcome, and others.

Mr. Byron's new comedy, *The Upper Crust*, produced at the FOLLY Theatre on Wednesday evening, presents us with the old conflict between vulgar good nature and aristocratic hauteur; but the contrast is here characterised by a certain freshness of handling, and there is a prevailing geniality in the piece which goes far in itself to atone for the absence of strong dramatic interest. Mr. Toole's part of Mr. Doublechick, the proprietor of Doublechick's famous "Diaphanous Soap," occupies, we need scarcely say, a very prominent place in the story, which shows how the prosperous vendor of that widely advertised article becomes gradually cured of his habitual craving for aristocratic society; though he secures for his daughter, by a happy accident, a marriage with an excellent young gentleman who proves to be the heir to a peerage. Unsubstantial as the piece is, it amuses greatly. Mr. Toole has abundance of good things to say, and many amusing things to do; yet the ground is not so completely monopolised by the entertaining personage he represents as to preclude the popular comedian's supporters from winning the sympathies of the spectators. The company is fortunate in having in Mr. Ward a *jeune premier* who possesses a good appearance and a style of acting at once moderate and forcible. The love-making therefore thrives in this comedy; being sustained, moreover, on the other side in a very pleasing way by that graceful actress, Miss Cavalier. Mr. Billington as a rather shifty and unprincipled nobleman, Mr. Garden as a youthful baronet of "horsey" and rural tastes and propensities, Miss Roland Phillis as a young lady of a lively turn, and Miss Emily Thorne as a *parvenu* lady of imposing manner, did each in his or her way good service to the representation, which was received throughout with much favour by a large audience.

At the ROYALTY a farcical comedy of a rather wild character, founded on M. Sardou's *Les Pommes du Voisin*, has been produced with moderate success. The title *Themis* conveys but little hint of its rather incoherent incidents—bustle and rapidly succeeding scenes of absurdity being apparently the adaptor's main objects. There is one very clever scene, in which a sitting room at an hotel changes instantaneously into a view of the roofs, attic windows, and chimney pots of the house, where the scuffle and confusion immediately preceding are continued in a droll fashion. The piece is sustained by as good acting as it deserves—the leading performers being Mr. Groves, Miss Rose Cullen, Miss Marie Williams, Mr. Strick, and Mr. J. Irving. The comedy is followed by a revival of Mr. Burnand and Mr. Pottinger Stephens's extravaganza entitled *Ballooney*, which has been much improved, and is now acted by a stronger cast than before.

DRURY LANE Theatre has reopened with a revival of *Lady Audley's Secret*, in which Miss Louise Moodie plays with true power the part of the heroine. The main feature of the bill, however, is a rather elaborate revival of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, which appeared to give great satisfaction to an Easter Monday audience.—The OLYMPIC has reopened with Mr. Halliday's *Little Em'ly*, and SADLER'S WELLS with a revival of Mr. Tom Taylor's historical drama *Clancarty*.—At the PARK Theatre we have a revival of *Heart's Delight*, a drama founded on Dickens's "Domby and Son."—At the DUKE's Theatre two clever actors of Transatlantic renown—Messrs. Baker and Farron—have made a successful first appearance in a rather extensive melodrama of American life, entitled *Conrad and Lisette*. Dutch characters, as they are technically called, appear to be their speciality.



MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—There is pathos and refinement in a song of medium compass, "The Star of the Sea," written and composed by Miss Proctor and A. W. Batson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—A pretty song for a summer water party is "You Shall Steer" (for a baritone), poetry by T. Ashe, music by Ciro Pinsuti; the simple accompaniment could well be played on a concertina or guitar.—No. 23 of "Gems from Great Masters," arranged by G. F. West, is "Qui Tollis," from Haydn's Second Mass, a welcome edition to the Sunday repertoire.—F. Lemoine has neatly arranged for the pianoforte Ciro Pinsuti's song "What Shall I Sing to Thee."—G. Sommarino has been bitten with the mania for paraphrasing a given melody after various composers, "Une Séance Musicale," *en rapport avec les Maîtres des siècles*, is a series of clever variations on the old air "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," in spite of the idea being somewhat threadbare this piece will cause some merriment after a dinner party, which is saying something for its worth.

MESSRS. RICORDI.—For five songs Luigi Denza has composed the music, which is of more than average merit, evidently the work of a musician; they are all published in three different keys, to suit varied voices, and are of the narrative school. "Giulia," the words of which are by E. Randegger, is suitable for a tenor or baritone.—"Non t'Amo Più," "Sera d'Aprile," and "Festa del Villaggio," are three charming little poems by E. Golisciani; the first-named has been very neatly translated into French by Marie Martynow.—"Ricordi di Quisiana" is a graceful serenade, words by E. Jaunty.

MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—The fact that it is not a more or less feeble adaptation from the French *opéra bouffe* is much in favour of "The Lancashire Witches; or King Jamie's Frolic," a light opera in three acts, written by R. T. Gunton, music by F. Stanislaus, added to this it may take a good stand on its own merits, as was proved by the success achieved when produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in October last. The plot is amusing, and turns upon a May-day frolic, of which King James is the hero; there are two fascinating witches supposed to be rivals, but really partners, who sell love potions to the public, the orthodox, charming, and virtuous heroine, and her attendant devoted lover, together with a goodly array of soldiers and villagers as chorus. The music is bright and sparkling, and not wanting in originality. In fact, "The Lancashire Witches" is well worthy the attention of a comic opera company in London, as with fairly good scenery and singing a certain success would follow its production. The above-named firm has brought out an excellent and clearly printed edition, vocal and pianoforte score, at a cost so moderate as to place it within the reach of choral societies in general; a pianoforte arrangement is also published for the benefit of those who cannot sing.—A pretty song for a sentimental contralto is "Oh Would that Love could Die," words by M. B. Edwards, music by Edith A. Bracken.—"Love's Wishes" is a tender little love poem by A. P. Graves, skilfully adapted by Henry Hiles to an old Irish melody for a tenor voice.—Six numbers of "Forsyth Brother's Classical Solos for the Violin," carefully revised with pianoforte accompaniments, will prove useful to executants who have made some progress on that instrument. No. 1, is a "Sonatina in A," by Handel; No. 2, "The Cuckoo Solo," by Vivaldi, a quaint composition; No. 3, J. S. Bach's "Capriccio in B flat," No. 4, a "Chaconne in D," by Veracini; No. 5, a "Courante in D and Gigue in A," Handel; and No. 6, Boccherini's popular "Solo in A." All six are carefully edited by E. J. Payne.—A neat little pianoforte piece after the antique is a "Bourée in G," by S. Jacoby; it has also been arranged for the violin and piano, and the violoncello and pianoforte.—Both frontispiece and music of "The White Rose Schottische," the

former by Messrs. Home and Macdonald, the latter by Joseph Sherwood, are attractive, although the outside is superior to the interior.—"Between Our Four Walls" is the quaint title of twenty-five pianoforte pieces and songs for juveniles, composed by Carl Reinecke, English words by H. Hersee; these worthies have done their best, but clever must be the juvenile who could play the pieces or sing the songs herein given.

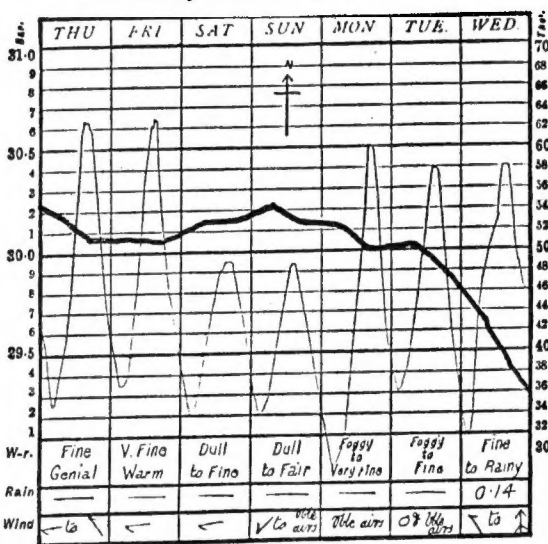
MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—The clever and rising young composer, Maude V. White, has been very busy. She sends us seven well written songs which show no signs of hurried writing. "To Blossoms" is a charming song of medium compass, the words, so sweet and tender, are by Robert Herrick (1591-1633). "Montrose's Love Song," for a baritone (words by the Marquis of Montrose, 1612-1650), is of more than ordinary merit, and deserves to be a favourite.—"Loving and True," published in two keys, and "Absent Yet Present," words by Lord Lytton, will please the general taste. The best of the group, "Zwei Lieder," by Heine, entitled respectively "Liebe," and "Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai," are of a thoroughly German character, well suited to the words, as is also her clever setting of a ballad from Goethe's Faust, "There Was a King of Thule."—Victor Hugo's pleasing poem, "Espoir en Dieu," is set to a simple melody for a contralto.—A brace of songs, words by Lancelot Bruce, music by Walter Macfarren, display the practised hand of poet and musician. "The Linnet Song" is a sweet little song for a youthful tenor lover.—"Awake, O Heart," is of a more sentimental type, and may be sung by either sex.—Very graceful is "Rondino Grazioso," for the pianoforte, quite a gem for the drawing-room, by Walter Macfarren.—A *naïve* song for a baritone is "Pretty Little Maid," written and composed by H. S. Vince and Arthur Jackson; the latter has not done so well with "Elaine," an idyl for the pianoforte, which is of a very ordinary type.—Of the ultra-romantic school is "Du Meine Holde," words by F. W. E. Von Zashow, music by Bond Andrews, a tenor song of average merit.—A "Gavotte for the Pianoforte," by Stephen Kemp, may lay claim to a certain amount of originality above its numerous fellows.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—Organists in general are greatly indebted to W. T. Best for a musicianly arrangement of "Six Concertos for the Organ," by Handel. In some useful prefatory remarks the editor observes: "It is generally known, with a few exceptions, that the so-called 'Organ Concertos,' of Handel, are not original creations for that instrument, but were compiled and arranged by the composer from earlier instrumental works of a different character." He then gives an account of the sources from whence the six concertos in this volume are taken. This work is a valuable addition to the organist's library. Each concerto may be had in a separate number. Mr. W. T. Best has conferred a further benefit on the musical world by selecting from Handel's Italian Operas fifty-two songs, arranging them from the score and adding a pianoforte accompaniment. The fidelity with which he has adhered to the style of the composer cannot be too highly commended. This well got up volume contains specimens from many unknown operas, songs for bass, tenor, soprano, and contralto, the class of voice for which Handel composed each song is indicated in the index. Miss M. X. Hayes has supplied a very good and free translation of the Italian words.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—"The First Christmas Morn," a Biblical Pastoral, words by Rev. S. J. Stone, composed by Henry Leslie, met with a complete success at The Brighton Musical Festival, 1880, and was then so fully reviewed that there is no need to discuss its merits here; suffice it to say that it has been brought out in a neat and inexpensive volume, and doubtless will soon be heard in London.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Two *morceaux de salon et de concert* are, "Andante Lugubre" and "El Gitano," by Carl Zoeller, arranged for the violin and pianoforte. Excellent practice for both instruments are to be found in these two pieces. (Messrs. Neumeier and Co.).—A pleasing idyl for the pianoforte is "Rosalie," by T. S. Trekel. "Repose," a *morceau de salon* by Woycke, is showy and not difficult. (Messrs. Duff and Stewart).—There is a certain amount of originality and quaintness in "Thy Grief Refrain," a melody, words by Edwin H. Scott, music by F. Royburn; it is published in B flat and C. (Messrs. Otton and Co.).

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK MARCH 25 TO MARCH 31 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The fine dry weather noticed last week continued until quite the close of the present period, but the barometer is now falling very decidedly, and a good deal of cloud is forming, while slight rain has been very genial, and On Thursday and Friday last (25th and 26th inst.) the air was very genial, and temperature in the shade rose to 63°, but on Saturday and Sunday (27th and 28th inst.) there was more cloud, and the maxima did not exceed 49°. During Monday (29th inst.) the thermometer went to 66°, but on Wednesday (31st inst.) owing to the amount of cloud, it was again several degrees lower. The wind was easterly during the earlier portion of the time, but calms or variable airs prevailed on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday (28th, 29th, and 30th inst.), while on Wednesday (31st inst.) a light breeze from the south-west set in. The weather seems to have thoroughly broken up, and is likely to remain unsettled for some time. The barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Thursday (25th inst.); lowest (29.30 inches) on Wednesday (31st inst.); range, 0.93 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (63°) on Thursday and Friday (25th and 26th inst.); lowest (28°) on Monday (27th inst.); range, 35°. Rain fell on one day only (Wednesday, 31st inst.), to the amount of 0.14 inches.

GOOD FRIDAY is a bad day for Parisian butchers, as even lukewarm Catholics abstain from meat at that time, so most butchers shut up their shops and take a holiday. Last Good Friday some 1,800,000 eggs were sold in the Halles alone, as well as 121 tons of fish, and 15 tons of shellfish.



M. OFFENBACH is writing another opera, *La Mère des Compagnons*. A BALLOON TRIP TO ENGLAND is shortly to be attempted by a French aeronaut.

THE RAILWAY UP VESUVIUS, from the Observatory to the crater, is to be opened this month.

DR. RICHARDSON'S IDEAL "HYGEIOPOLIS" finds an exact realisation on the eastern coast of China, where a newly-opened port, Wenchow, follows closely the lines of the "City of Health."

AN ITALIAN EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH POLE is projected, and Lieutenant Bove, who accompanied Professor Nordenskiöld in the *Vega*, has gone to Rome to consult with the King on the subject.

AMERICAN ARTISTS will be largely represented at the Paris Salon, over seventy exhibitors intending to contribute. The number of Transatlantic paintings in the Salon has been steadily increasing of late, and last year sixty-two Americans exhibited, twelve of these being ladies.

TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION between the Drachenfels and Königswinter has been established, the wire being placed among the ruins at the summit of the mountain. A railway up the Drachenfels, similar to the Rigi line, had been planned, but the scheme has been temporarily abandoned.

A NEW PANORAMA OF THE WAR is being prepared in Paris, M. de Neuville, the well-known military painter, being the chief artist, and M. Charles Garnier the architect. The scenes chosen are the charge of the Cuirassiers at Reichshoffen, the defence of Châteaudun, and the Battle of Champigny.

THE RAGE FOR OLD-FASHIONED FURNITURE is as great in the United States as in England, and Washington is the headquarters for antique treasures. Recent monetary troubles have broken up many old homes, and any valuable furniture at once goes to Washington, where it is eagerly bought up by fashionable people. New England has been completely stripped of old curiosities by the keen-eyed dealers, and Maryland and Virginia are now being hunted over.

A MUSICAL DUEL is reported from Valparaiso, between two rival pianists. For forty-eight hours, the Madrid *Impartial* tells us, the antagonists pounded away at their pianos, stopping neither to eat, drink, nor rest, and bound by a condition not to play a single note of dance music. One of the pianists played the "Miserere" from the *Trovatore* 150 times, and at the end he fell forward on the piano dead, while his adversary was carried off to the hospital in a precarious condition.

SÈVRES CHINA in the shops of the Paris Palais Royal should be well examined by foreign purchasers, whose innocence has been greatly taken advantage of lately. Many of the dealers have been in the habit of buying inexpensive white porcelain at the manufactory, decorating it themselves, forging the Sèvres mark, and then selling the china as products of the first quality of Sèvres manufacture. The authorities have now found out the trick, and intend in future that the Sèvres mark shall be engraved under the glazed surface of the china, so that forgery will be impossible.

AN ACCOMPLISHED ORANG-OUTANG was lately exhibited at Munich which played the violin magnificently, and was particularly deft in executing the "Carnival of Venice." Its owner pocketed large profits at first, but one evening a doubting spectator slyly gave the wonderful monkey a sharp cut with a penknife. The creature apparently did not feel the cut, so the visitor gave a vigorous pull at its tail, which suddenly came off, and brought with it part of the monkey's skin, displaying underneath a man, the father of the exhibitor of the animal prodigy, whose disguise had been so complete as to defy detection for a week.

THE SAN DONATO SALE CONTINUES, valuable china, bronzes, and *bric-à-brac* having been sold at moderate prices during the last week. The Napoleonic relics have now been disposed of, the Russian Government buying one of Napoleon I.'s first teeth for 4l. 4s., and a bust of the Empress Josephine for 120l.; while the Grand Duke Michael purchased the tortoiseshell snuff-box, given by the Pope to Napoleon I. on his coronation, for 80l. A lock of Napoleon's hair was sold for 5l. 10s., a cast of his face taken after death for 12l. 15s., and a suit of his underclothing for 10l. His portrait, when First Consul, fetched only 8l.; and Prince Jérôme Napoleon's bust went for 16l., while Canova's bust of the Princess Borghese sold for 220l.

INTENDING VISITORS TO THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY may be glad to learn that letters of inquiry respecting accommodation, &c., can be written in English, although the replies will be in French or German. Several letters have remained unanswered, a correspondent of *The Times* states, owing to the writers having turned English phrases literally into French or German, and thus making their queries quite unintelligible. The railway from Munich is now open to Murnau, no change of carriages being needed, and hence Ober-Ammergau is an easy drive of fifteen miles, either by Oberau and Ettal or Kohlgrub and Unter-Ammergau. Pedestrians can take a short cut over the mountains, following the former route as far as Eschenlohe.

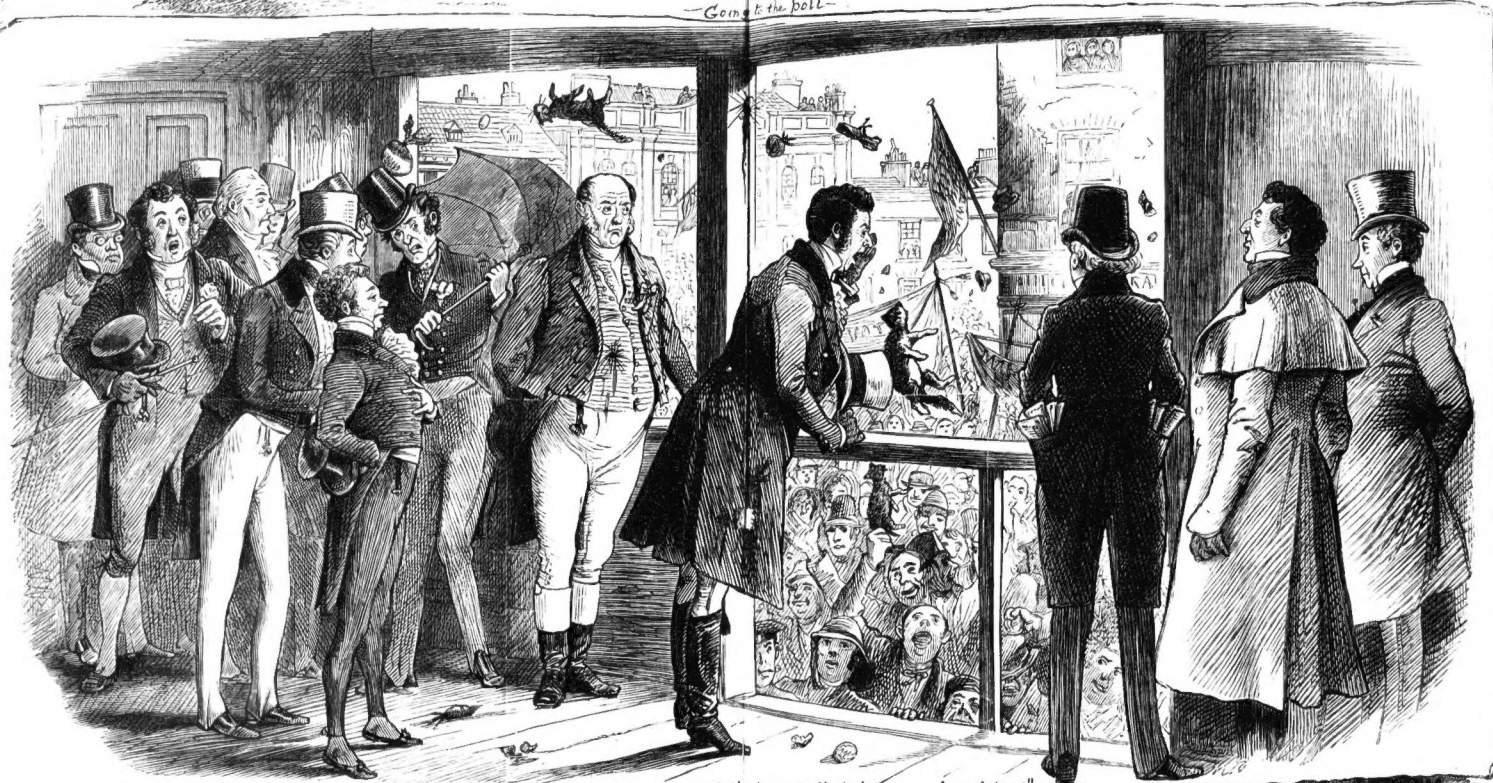
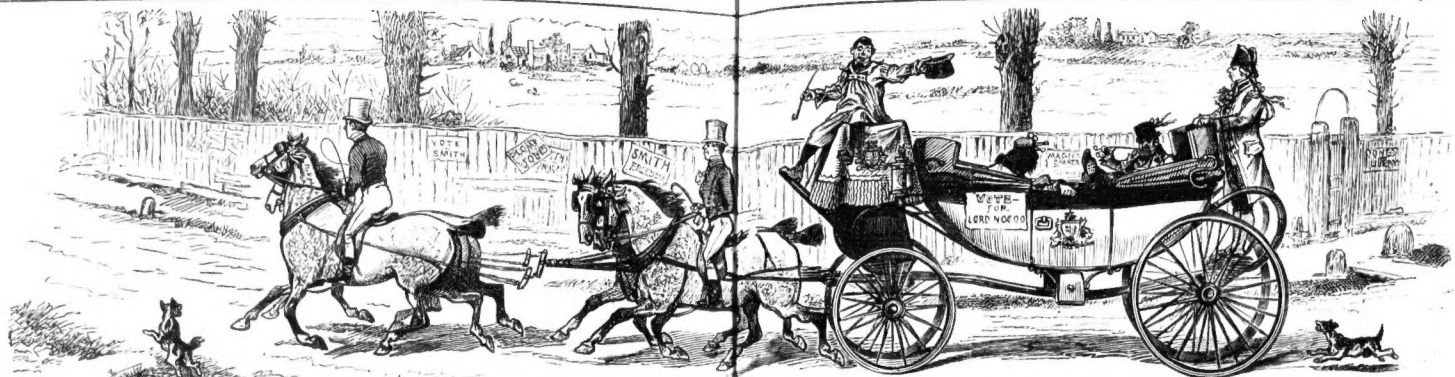
LONDON MORTALITY increased for the week ending March 24th, and 1,465 deaths were registered against 1,442 during the previous week, an increase of 23, being 278 below the average, and at the rate of 20.9 per 1,000. There were 11 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 2), 20 from measles (an increase of 5), 45 from scarlet fever (a decline of 6), 18 from diphtheria (an increase of 5), 114 from whooping-cough (an increase of 2), 10 from different forms of fever (a decline of 9), and 14 from diarrhoea. There were 2,757 births registered against 2,848 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 83. The mean temperature was 41.3 deg., and 0.1 deg. above the average. There were 37.8 hours of bright sunshine, the sun being 83.3 hours above the horizon.

THE *Printing Times* quotes the following solution to an "Editor's Difficulty" from the *Detroit Free Press*. As for the future we intend adopting the same system as our Transatlantic colleague, perhaps poetical contributors will kindly take the hint:—

One evening, while reclining
In my easy-chair, repining
O'er the lack of true religion and the dearth of common sense,
A solemn-visaged lady
Who was surely on the shady
Side of thirty enter'd proudly, and to crush me did commence:
"I sent a poem here, sir,"
Said the lady, growing fiercer,
"And the subject which I'd chosen, you remember, sir, was 'Spring.'"
But, although I've scann'd your paper,
Sir, by sunlight, gas, and taper,
I've discovered of that poem not a solitary thing."
She was muscular and wiry,
And her temper, sure, was fiery,
And I knew to pacify her I should have to—fob like fun;
So I told her ere her verses,
Which were great, had come to—bless us
We'd received just sixty-one on "Spring," of which we'd printed one.
And I added, "We've decided
That they'd better be divided
Among the years that follow—one to each succeeding Spring:
So your work, I'm pleased to mention,
Will receive our best attention
In the year of nineteen-forty, when the birds begin to sing."



Will see my first thought for that, I am likely



I am sorry we don't already pledge to give up the vote





FRANCE.—M. de Freycinet has fulfilled his threat, and has put in force the existing laws which prohibit the establishment of religious corporations in France unless authorised by the Government, and which specially relate to the Jesuits. The measure is by no means as sweeping as it at first sounds, for while recapitulating the laws which empower the Government to take this step, the decree announces that the Cabinet will consider the application for the legalisation and authorisation of any religious Society which within the next three months will submit its statutes, &c., to the Ministry. One Association alone is excepted from this amnesty—the Society of Jesus, which is ordered to dissolve within three months, and to evacuate the establishments which it occupies on French territory. Two months' further delay are granted to establishments in which literary and scientific education is given by the Society to the young. M. de Freycinet has plenty of legal justification for this measure, for as long since as a hundred and sixteen years ago—in 1754—a Royal decree of Louis XV. ostracised the Society, while in 1762 the Parliament of Paris ordered all Jesuits to "renounce for ever the name, dress, vows, and rules of the Society, and to quit within a week the novitiates, colleges, and houses." Again in 1764 the definitive suppression of the Society was declared, while once more, in 1777, did Louis XVI. pronounce the sentence of banishment. To come to more modern times, the decrees of 1790 and 1792, and the Concordat of 1802 abolish all Religious Orders, while in 1804 a decree first distinguishes between authorised and non-authorised Societies, this distinction being maintained in the Penal Code of 1810, and in other legislative measures down to 1852. Notwithstanding all these decrees, and the spasmodic fits of energy in which, for one reason or another, various Governments have thought fit to indulge, these prohibitory enactments have been quietly ignored, until at present there exist no fewer than 986 non-authorised religious communities—384 for men, with 7,444 members, and 602 for women, with 14,003 members. Of these the Jesuits themselves count 56 establishments with 1,480 members, but this does not, of course, comprise all persons who will be directly affected by the measure, as their pupils are estimated at 10,000. A report from the Ministers of Justice and Public Worship, MM. Cazot and Lepère, to M. Grévy, accompanies the two decrees relating to the non-authorised Religious Orders, of which the first ordains the unconditional expulsion of the Jesuits, and the other lays down regulations for the authorisation of the remaining religious bodies. It is however considered doubtful whether the latter will take advantage of the permission thus accorded, and the clerical organs roundly declare that they will not, in which event they will be compelled to dissolve, and the whole Roman Catholic community of France will be dangerously irritated. In either case, M. de Freycinet's peremptory action will cause a terrible uproar in all circles for some time to come, though, as the *Franciais* remarks, many things may yet happen before the end of June, perhaps M. de Freycinet may not be then in power.

The reactionary journals are of course perfectly furious. The *Union* declares that the measure "gives to every citizen worthy of the name of Frenchman the signal for praiseworthy and indomitable revolt." The *Monde* remarks that "all Catholics, both clerical and lay, will be unanimous in their protests against the iniquitous decrees," while the *Univers* promises the Government a "vigorous resistance." The Radical papers are naturally pleased, but the more advanced organs declare the step to be only a half measure which, in the words of the *Petit Parisien*, "winds up by leaving everything exactly as it was before." The Moderate Republican Press, though acknowledging the perfect legality of the decrees, is not wholly unanimous as to the wisdom which prompted their issue, a measure so seriously affecting the liberty of the subject being considered somewhat illiberal now that the Republic is firmly established. The Bonapartist papers are divided in their views, the *Pays* calling upon the Senate to censure the Cabinet, while the *Ordre* holds it unwise to question the legality of the decrees, and denies that a summons to comply with the law is persecution. It even thinks that the Radicals will be disappointed "at the almost timid moderation" of the measure, and that the non-Jesuitical orders will only gain strength by being authorised, while the Jesuits as individuals will still retain the right of teaching. This coming from Prince Napoléon's organ has caused much comment.

To return to lighter topics, there is little news. In Paris the fine weather has made the Easter holidays much gayer than usual, the chief social topic being the drawing of the lottery in aid of the Spanish inundations, of which the first prize (4,000*l.*) has been won by M. Mounier, Mayor of Commes (Pas de Calais). There have been plenty of "first representations," the most important being *Les Noces d'Attila*, a four-act drama, by M. Henri de Bornier, at the Odéon. Another drama has also been produced at the Château d'Eau, by MM. Maurice Drack and Georges Sautou, entitled *La Roche aux Mouettes*; while a little one-act comedy, *Le Grain de Beauté*, by M. Pierre Decourcelle, has been successfully brought out at the Gymnase. At the Ambigu the well-known drama of *Robert Macaire* has been revived.

GERMANY, AUSTRIA, AND RUSSIA.—"When shall we three meet again?" is now the burden of the song of this triad of Empires; and Russia's little quarrel with France has revived visions of another attempt at an Imperial Triple Alliance which is to rule the roast in Europe. Thus from Vienna we hear that the divergence between Austria and Russia has "really ceased to exist," and from Berlin of constant conferences between Prince Bismarck and Prince Orloff, who has passed through Berlin on his way to St. Petersburg from Paris; and of the publication of various affectionate telegrams interchanged between the Czar and the Emperor on the occasion of the latter's birthday. In these the Czar "reckons" on the Emperor's "old and constant friendship, as you may also do on mine, for maintaining and consolidating those good relations between our two peoples which are in harmony with their common interests." To this the Emperor replies that "these good wishes are a fresh proof to me of the continuance of your old friendship, which is so necessary for the welfare of our two peoples, as well for maintaining the peace of Europe." Nor are there wanting signs that Prince Bismarck is relenting towards Russia now that she is ready to acknowledge the error of her ways; though it is very doubtful whether, notwithstanding the affectionate messages of the two Sovereigns, any actual cordiality will exist between the two countries until Prince Gortschakoff shall resign, and give place to a Premier a little less anti-Germanic in his views. At present the *Agence Russa* stoutly denies all reports of the Prince's resignation, but that the Russians are calculating upon a resumption of the old relations with Germany and Austria is very manifest by the changed tone of the Press, to say nothing of a somewhat amusing article in the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, which, after declaring that while the interchange of greetings between the two Emperors tended to "dissipate all recent apprehensions," goes on to say, however, "that all thorny questions are not immediately solved, but the solution is one which can be confidently sought in a friendly and peaceable way." From this point of view, therefore, the electoral campaign in England can be regarded with a certain philosophy, if not disinterestedness. The Conservative Government is sarcastically congratulated on the support of "the Radical Press of France," and

people are told that "the English elections will not change the situation of the world, and may be viewed with reasonable calmness." This "calmness," coming after the recent diatribes against Lord Beaconsfield, his colleagues, and the Conservatives in general, points to the existence of a feeling that Russia does not consider herself so hopelessly isolated as she did three weeks ago. Still, from a cessation of verbal hostilities with her neighbours to the reconstruction of the Kaiserbund is a considerable step.

ITALY.—The Pope has been holding the usual Easter receptions, and has expressed his great joy at the revival of religious feeling, and manifest among the Roman people during Holy week. The extraordinary concourse of strangers in Rome also, he was convinced, was as regards the majority the result of a religious sentiment. He told the Cardinals, who had assembled to present their greetings, that he intended to receive and impart his benediction to more than 1,000 strangers, and expressed his satisfaction that among them were the Princesses Margherita and Bianca.

Considerable annoyance has been expressed by the leading journals at the article in the *North German Gazette*, which stated that a general feeling of dislike existed in Italy to Lord Beaconsfield and his Government, and that the Italians wished success to the liberals in the elections. Even the *Opinione*, a great partisan of Mr. Gladstone, declares "the Conservative party no longer judges Italy according to the same ideas it held previous to her resurrection," and that "our relations may be most cordial with England, even under a Conservative Ministry, and therefore the edifice constructed by the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* crumbles before the evidence of facts."

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—From CONSTANTINOPLE we hear that the Grand Vizier is more zealous than ever in his economical reforms, and has now attacked the Sultan's Civil List, proposing to cut down the salaries of the Palace officials and to abolish innumerable pensions. He is vigorously opposed in this by Mahmoud Nedim Pasha, who declares that the estimate of the revenue is illusory, and that the proposed reductions in the salaries are disgraceful.—The physicians cannot yet decide whether the assassin of Colonel Comneraoff is or is not insane.—The negotiations with MONTENEGRO seem to be progressing more favourably, and it is said that only one point of difference now remains.—In BULGARIA Prince Alexander will open the National Assembly on Sunday.

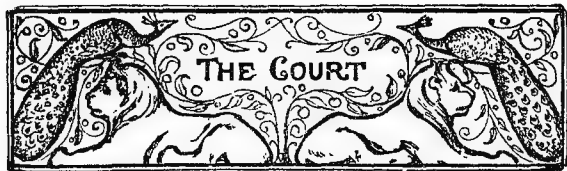
INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—General Donald Stewart and his staff have started for Khelet-i-Ghilzai on the way to Ghazni, and his whole force will begin the march on the 8th inst. His little army comprises 4,000 infantry, 800 cavalry, and 20 guns, and, after occupying the Afghan stronghold, will in all probability retire upon the Punjab. Major-General Primrose is left in command at Candahar, supported by a force of 10,000 men. In the mean time news comes from Ghazni that the chiefs were to start for their conference with General Roberts on the 26th ult. Mahmoud Jan, it is said, does not come with them, being engaged in suppressing some tribal revolt. The decision of the Ghazni Sardars to treat with us in favour of Moossa Khan is not improbably hastened by the reported advance of Abdurrahman Khan, to whom naturally they are bitterly opposed, and who is reported to be marching eastward upon Cabul, though from what place is not exactly known, various towns having been mentioned, the most probable being Kundus. At Cabul itself all is quiet, and Mr. Lepel Griffin has begun work, but there has been an affray at Fort Battye, which was attacked by the enemy on the 26th ult. Before being driven off the Afghans killed Lieut. Angelo of the 31st Punjab Native Infantry and seven men, besides wounding nineteen others. Mozul Khan is also reported to have collected some of his followers, and to be besieging the fort of Girdab, held by Azim Khan, a friendly chief, while a large body of men are said to be preparing to cross the Cabul river in order to make raids upon our outposts. Col. Hodding, of the 4th Madras Native Infantry, and a small force has been despatched from Jellalabad to restore order. Two officers have lost their lives through meeting with bands of marauders.—Lieut. Thurlow, of the 51st Light Infantry, near Jagdallak, and Captain Showers of the 1st Punjab Infantry, while travelling between Chappar and Quetta. For the future, owing to representations from the Horse Guards, the Indian Government will prohibit regimental officers from acting as Press correspondents. A delay of six weeks, however, will be accorded in order to enable journals to make fresh arrangements.

To turn to India, the Nagas are not yet subdued, and have attacked a party under Captain Abbott at Paploongamai, while the Rumpa rebellion has not been ended by the death of the ringleader, Chendriah, and the rebels are still in arms under his lieutenant, Yamendora. An Intelligence Department has been constituted at the Army headquarters under the auspices of Lieut.-Colonel Sandford, R.E.

UNITED STATES.—The U.S. frigate *Constellation*, with supplies for the distressed Irish, sailed on Tuesday. She is to land her cargo at Kingstown, Queenstown, or Galway, as the *Herald* committee may appoint. The total sum subscribed for the relief now amounts to 203,740*l.*, to which the *New York Herald* fund has contributed 63,602*l.*—The election fever is spreading throughout the country, and the anti-Third Term Committee has issued a call for a National Convention of Republicans opposed to a third Presidency of General Grant to meet at St. Louis on May 6.

On Wednesday the Senate passed a Bill providing for an International Exhibition in New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In CANADA Mr. George Brown, a Senator and leader of the Reform party, has been shot at and wounded by a discharged employé, who was immediately arrested.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Basutos are still agitating to recover their arms, and have petitioned the Queen. The *Cape Argus* and *Post* regard the situation as one of great peril, and fear that should the Government attempt to enforce compliance with the Peace Preservation Act, which is shortly to be proclaimed, it will merely induce the Basutos to offer armed resistance.—In CYPRUS, according to the *Daily News* correspondent, the Government has great difficulty in collecting the tithes. The peasantry are being imprisoned and their lands sold. The Bishop of Kihum has addressed an appeal against these rigorous measures.



The Queen and the Princess Beatrice arrived at Baden-Baden on Saturday, having travelled direct from Cherbourg. They spent Good Friday on board the *Victoria and Albert* in Cherbourg Harbour, where they had arrived the previous evening, and were present at Divine Service performed by Captain Thomson. In the evening they landed at the military port, and left by special train, the strictest privacy being preserved, although the British Consul and some of the French officials received Her Majesty. No official reception also was given to the Queen at Baden-Baden, the British Chargé d'Affaires, however, being in waiting at the station, whence Her Majesty drove to the Villa Hohenlohe. Next day the Queen walked to the Michaelsberg, while the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at the English Church, and in the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess drove to Eberstein Castle. On Monday they visited the cemetery to place wreaths on the tomb of the Queen's half-sister, Princess Hohenlohe, and afterwards went

out driving. The Queen and Princess left Baden on Tuesday for Darmstadt, where they were met by the Grand Duke of Hesse and his elder daughters, and drove in a carriage and four to the Castle, the Queen occupying the Assembly Chamber and the Princess's apartments being in the Clock Tower. In the evening the Crown Prince of Germany and his eldest daughter, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, joined the Royal party. The confirmation of the Princesses Victoria and Ella of Hesse took place on Wednesday in the Grand Ducal Chapel of the Castle, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Crown Prince of Germany, and many German Princes and Princesses being present. Dr. Sell, who has superintended the religious education of the Princesses, addressed them, and made frequent mention of the late Princess Alice, their mother, and of her numerous exemplary virtues. Her Majesty, in particular, is said to have been deeply affected by the words of the preacher. After the ceremony Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke, and his brother Prince Henry, partook of the Communion with her two granddaughters. In the afternoon the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Grand Duke drove to Rosenhöhe, the summer residence of Prince Charles, to visit the mausoleum where the late Princess Alice and two of her children lie buried, which stands in a corner in the grounds. On Thursday Her Majesty was to visit the hospital, in which the late Princess took a great interest, and in the afternoon would return to Baden.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who are also staying with the Grand Duke of Hesse, left London on Good Friday evening, having during the day accompanied their daughters to the service at the Chapel Royal, St. James, called on the Duke of Cambridge, and entertained Prince Leopold and the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy at dinner. Travelling *via* Flushing, the Prince and Princess reached Brussels on Saturday afternoon, and stayed at the Royal Palace with the King and Queen of the Belgians until Monday morning, when they left for Darmstadt, arriving late on the same evening. They are staying at the New Palace.—Princes Albert Victor and George will leave Bermuda for England to-day (Saturday).

The Princess Louise is stated to have entirely recovered from her accident, but will not appear in public for some time.—The Duke of Edinburgh has been cruising in the *Lively* off the western coast of Ireland to superintend the distribution of relief in the distressed districts. On Monday he landed at Galway.—The Duke of Connaught on Monday inspected the 20th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers at North Camp, Aldershot.—Prince Leopold starts on his American tour on the 29th inst., going first to Canada in the *Sarmatian*, the vessel in which the Princess Louise has always crossed. He will subsequently visit the Western States, but will not go to San Francisco. The Prince was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Monday night.

The ex-Empress Eugénie reached Madeira in the *German* on Tuesday, having enjoyed excellent health throughout the voyage, although the passage was somewhat rough. She takes her meals with the other passengers, and remains much on deck. A telegram from the King of Portugal welcomed her at Madeira, where she did not land, the vessel leaving again the same evening for Cape Town. The ex-Empress will return to Chislehurst about July 26th.—The Crown Princess of Germany is expected this week at Rome, where she will stay at the Palace Caffarelli. The Princess has become an honorary member of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and promises to contribute to the exhibitions.—The birth of an heir to the Dutch Crown is shortly expected.—Prince William of Prussia left England for Germany on Tuesday night.—The Empress of Russia is said to be fast sinking.



CONVOCATION.—On Wednesday last week the Right Worshipful Dr. Deane, Q.C., the Vicar General, attended in the Board Room of Queen Anne's Bounty Office, Westminster, and under a Commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury and in pursuance of the writ of Her Majesty the Queen, dissolved the Canterbury Convocation. The Queen's writ was received commanding the Archbishop to summon a new Convocation to meet at St. Paul's Cathedral on Friday, April 30, when there will be the usual Latin Litany and Latin sermon, and the Lower House will proceed to elect their Prolocutor. In response to the memorials relating to the proposed reforms in Convocation, the Primate has written to the Archdeacon of Sarum saying that it is impracticable to make the suggested changes for the coming election, but he hopes that such modifications in the mode of election may be introduced as shall satisfy some at least of those who desire a change. The Primate has also issued a circular to the Bishops of his province, suggesting that the wishes of the beneficed clergy with regard to the election of proctors should be ascertained by means of voting papers to be returned to a central body chosen from among themselves, who would afterwards meet and elect the candidates for whom the largest numbers of votes have been recorded. His Grace also suggests that in cases where the Bishop has the right of selecting Proctors from a list submitted to him by the clergy, that right should be waived in favour of the candidate who has the most votes.

THE PRIMATE AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, replying to the Rev. H. W. Peplow, who wrote to His Grace on the subject of a public form of prayer for God's blessing on the coming elections, says that for many reasons the issue of such a prayer would not be desirable. His Grace adds that he need scarcely say how earnestly he desires that all who are entrusted with the right of election should seriously consider the sacredness of the trust committed to them, and should, in private prayer, ask God's guidance for themselves and His blessing on the nation. Moreover, the Book of Common Prayer contains abundant petitions for every section of the community, and in using these in the public services of the Church every thoughtful worshipper will, he feels assured, during the coming weeks, have in his mind the importance of what is passing in the country.

THE CLEWER CASE.—The decision of the House of Lords in this case has been followed by the Rev. T. T. Carter's resignation of his rectory, and thus a difficult and painful dispute is brought to an end. Canon Carter, in a letter to the Bishop of Oxford announcing his resignation, remarks that he was hindered from taking any decisive step during the time of uncertainty as to the issue of the case in which his lordship's episcopal rights were at stake, but now that hindrance is removed he cannot allow himself to take advantage of his lordship's forbearance while continuing to act contrary to his strongly expressed desire, and that in the face of a not undivided parish. He has been placed in the dilemma of "seeming to ignore the rightful exercise of authority, or of surrendering a cause to which from sincerest conviction of its truth he had committed himself, and therefore his only alternative is to resign, though it is with sore reluctance that he contemplates separation from a parish in which he has laboured for 36 years, not without many failings, but with the constant purpose to be guided according to what he believes to be the teachings of the Church of England."

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SERVICES.—Large congregations attended most of the metropolitan places of worship on Good Friday. At St. Paul's Cathedral the sermon was preached by the

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Rev. J. Russell Stock, the Lord Mayor's chaplain, and after the ordinary service a three hours' service, representing the "Three Hours' Agony," was held, during which the Rev. W. Randall, Vicar of All Saints, Clifton, delivered addresses on the "Seven Last Words," intervals being allowed for singing and private prayer. —Dean Stanley preached in the morning at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and in the afternoon at the Abbey; while at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, the sermon was by the Ven. Archdeacon Cheetham, Royal, and St. Vedast's, Foster of Southwark. —At St. Alban's, Holborn, and St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, the services were as usual conducted with ample ritual observances; at the first-named the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie and the Rev. E. F. Russell officiated, the former delivering the addresses on the "Seven Words;" whilst at St. Vedast's the celebrant was the Rev. R. Rhodes Bristow, Vicar of St. Stephen, Lewisham. —At the Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Rouse, and the preacher was Cardinal Manning. —On Monday the first 'Spital Sermon' was preached at Christ Church, Newgate Street, by Dr. Durnford, the Bishop of Chichester; and on Tuesday the second 'Spital Sermon' was delivered in the same church by the Rev. J. Russell Stock, Chaplain to the Lord Mayor, and rector of All Hallows the Great.

CARDINAL MANNING has gone to Rome on a visit which will probably last several weeks.

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL was married on Monday to Miss Harriet Knipe, the lady whom he admitted, during the recent divorce trial, that he intended to marry if his suit succeeded. The ceremony took place at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, and was performed in the presence of the elders of the Church by the Revs. H. Allon, H. Grainger, and H. White.

THE VICAR OF LYNSTED, the Rev. John Hamilton, desires us to correct an erroneous account of a recent burial in his parish, which appeared in our issue of March 6th, under the heading, "Another Burial Scandal," having been copied from a daily contemporary. It appears that Mr. Hamilton was at the time confined to his house by illness, and that another clergyman who had undertaken the duty had only left the church, after waiting an hour and a half for the funeral party. As there is no mortuary, and the body could not be left in the church, on account of the next day being Sunday, the relatives of the deceased were given the option of bringing it again next day, or leaving it in the open grave, and they chose the latter alternative.



SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S CONCERT. —The performance at St. James's Hall for the benefit of Sir Julius Benedict was really one exclusively on his own account, and had nothing whatever to do with the Popular Concerts. For this reason the programme was drawn up on a totally different plan from that adhered to by Mr. Arthur Chappell, and for this reason also it was perhaps the more interesting. True, we had a quartet for stringed instruments, and a sonata for pianoforte and violin, besides some smaller instrumental pieces; but these were exclusively from the pen of the concert giver. So much the better. An opportunity was afforded, rare enough, of judging what Benedict could accomplish in the way of quartet and sonata; his mastery of the higher orchestral style of work, the Symphony in G minor, introduced by Herr Manns at the Crystal Palace seven years ago, had sufficiently demonstrated. The Quartet in C minor proves Sir Julius to be no less an adept in the more refined and delicate style appropriate to the *musica di camera*. Moulded after the adopted fashion of the earlier great masters, from Haydn, through Mozart, to Beethoven, it is in all respects a worthy example of the school to which it belongs. Each movement possesses distinct individuality, while the whole forms one ingeniously devised plan as ingeniously wrought out—which, had we space to enter into details, might easily be made evident. It was admirably played by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini and Piatti, and made a sensible impression on the many connoisseurs assembled, the animated *scherzo* in E flat, with its melodious trio in A flat, at once producing their intended effect. Not less admired was the "Sonata Concertante" in E minor, for piano and violin, a more *ad caputandum*, though not less interesting, composition, which, besides the intrinsic worth and beauty of the themes in each successive movement, affords both instruments opportunities of display not likely to be overlooked by such practised executants as Mdlle. Janotha and Herr Ludwig Straus. The performance of the sonata left really nothing to desire. The smaller pieces, to which allusion has been made, comprised two of the *Soirées Champêtres*, for piano and violoncello, in the composition of which Sir Julius was associated with Signor Piatti, who now co-operated with Mdlle. Janotha in their interpretation. They are truly cabinet gems, and though the *Berceuse* was substituted for the *Riviera* (originally announced), there was no cause for complaint—being quite as good as the other. These bagatelles, however, as well as the graceful "Romance" for violin, with accompaniments for harp and pianoforte (played by Herr Straus, Mr. J. Thomas, and Sir Julius Benedict—how need scarcely be added), have been heard before. Vocal selections from the *Gipsy's Warning*, Sir Julius's first and *The Lily of Killarney*, his last opera, with others from his oratorio, *St. Peter*—his acknowledged masterpiece, composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1870—were also in the programme, the singers concerned with them being Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey, Messrs. E. Lloyd and Santley. A distinctive feature of the concert was the remarkably spirited and accurate performance, by Lady Benedict and Mdlle. Janotha, of Mendelssohn's *Allegro Brillante* in A major, for two pianofortes. Those who take an interest in our Royal Academy of Music know that Lady Benedict (then Miss Fortey) was esteemed a pianist of more than ordinary talent and still greater promise. With so skilful a companion as Mdlle. Janotha she was naturally on her mettle, and it must be admitted that she showed herself more than equal to the occasion. The remainder of the programme included a harp solo, composed and played by Mr. John Thomas, two songs by Miss Maude Valerie White (Mendelssohn scholar), sung by Mr. Santley, and "Robert toi que j'aime," by Madame Marie Roze (of Her Majesty's Theatre). The accompanists were Mr. Zerbini and the concert-giver. It may not be out of place to state that the impression generally entertained of Sir Julius Benedict's retirement altogether from professional life is unfounded—in proof of which it is only necessary to refer to Mr. Gye's prospectus for the approaching season at the Royal Italian Opera.

VERDI'S "AIDA" IN PARIS. —It does not appear from various authentic accounts that *Aida*, in a French dress, at the Grand Opéra, is all that had been anticipated, or that the enormous outlay entailed upon M. Vaucorbeil is sure of realising the anticipated profit to the treasury. The performance has, in various quarters, been querulously commented upon. Comparisons have been instituted between the late Théâtre Ventadour, where, under the direction of M. Léon Escudier, the leading parts were confided to Mesdames Stoltz and Waldemann, MM. Masini and Pandolfini, and the Grand Opéra, where they are sustained by Mesdames Krauss and Kosine Eloch, MM. Sellier and Maurel—by no means to the advantage of the national lyric establishment. It is found, moreover, that the substitution of the French language for the Italian is

a serious detriment to the general effect, both in a vocal and dramatic sense—a fact which it required no Solomon to discover. Any amateur acquainted with the "personnel" of the Opéra, as it now exists, can picture to himself what an unideal *Aida* the robust and comely Madame Krauss must be, and what a vigorous Amneris might be looked for in Mdlle. Bloch. With respect to *physique*, the Egyptian and Ethiopian Princesses are well matched, with an excess, however, on the side of the Ethiopian, going far to weaken our belief in the preference exhibited by the valiant Egyptian captain, Radamès—of whom, by the way, M. Sellier, a weak tenor, can at the most be an insufficient representative. M. Maurel has already played Amonasro elsewhere, and he appears to be one of the mainstays of the performance. Orchestra, chorus, and *mise en scène* meet with one chorus of adulation. Some dissatisfaction would seem to have been caused by the fact of Verdi himself conducting in the orchestra, a proceeding which runs counter to all Parisian tradition; and again on account of his appearance, with his chief interpreters, at the end of the opera—again ignoring tradition. But the vast audience would have it thus; and the composer of so many operas that have won the ear of musical Europe was literally compelled to submit.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVALS. —The arrangements for the Triennial Festivals of Gloucester and Leeds are advancing rapidly; but, as they are not quite complete, before dwelling on the promises they contain, and are likely to contain, it is as well to await the official issue of the two prospectuses. Meanwhile it may be stated that Dr. Stainer's manifold engagements will not permit of his supplying for Gloucester the new work which had been hoped for from his erudite pen. In revenge, however, both Mr. C. H. Hubert Parry and Mr. H. Holmes are pledged for cantatas, the theme selected by the last-named composer being *Christmas Day*, from which its character may readily be divined. To the expected English novelties at the important Festival of Leeds (conducted by Dr. Sullivan) reference has already been made; and it now only remains to add overtures expressly written for the occasion by Messrs. Walter Macfarren and Wingham—both honourably connected with our Royal Academy of Music.

WAIFS. —Madame Christine Nilsson is still in Paris, enjoying a brief period of well-earned repose after her successes in Madrid. With regard to Madame Nilsson's expected visit to London during the operatic season no definitive arrangement has yet been come to. —The first number of a new Art-paper is announced in Paris, to appear on the 15th of every month, under the title of *Le Monde Musical*; so that our London *Musical World* will now have a namesake and a rival. —The King of Italy has conferred, *motu proprio*, on Signor Schira, the composer, so well-known and esteemed among us, the order of the "Corona d'Italia," a distinction greatly prized among foreign artists, and in this instance fully merited. —The new theatre at Tunis was recently opened with a performance of Gounod's *Faust*. —M. Faure has been singing with great success at Geneva, as Guillaume Tell. His next part is to be Hamlet. —Mdlle. Marie Van Zandt, the young singer who created so favourable an impression last year, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in *Zerlina*, *Amina*, and other parts, has appeared, with great applause at the Paris Opéra Comique, as Mignon, in Ambroise Thomas's still very popular work. The papers are all agreed as to her merits, and very considerably attribute any perceptible shortcomings to her extreme youth. Her success is genuine and unquestioned. —Ponchielli, the composer, has been appointed to a professorship at the Milan Conservatorium. When are we to hear that everywhere successful *Giacinta*, his most favoured opera, at one of our musical theatres? —In the course of a "farewell" professional tour in the country Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, our excellent leading soprano, will present to the public her two daughters, who, we are told, have been studying their adopted art under the auspices of Madame Goldschmidt; the erstwhile famous Jenny Lind. —Rafael Joseffy, the Viennese pianist, is making quite a sensation among the amateurs of New York, Boston, and other American cities. Some place him not only above Dr. von Bülow, but above Anton Rubinstein himself. There are European critics who do the same. —The recent Wagner performances at Hamburg, preparatory to the grand "Cyclus" of Wagnerian dramas contemplated by M. Pollini, the enterprising Hamburg manager, were by no means paying speculations. *Rheingold*, the *Walküre*, and *Siegfried* were all played to more or less indifferent houses. The summer "Cyclus," however, may set matters right.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

It becomes a pleasure to read a new volume of poems, instead of, as it often is, a penance, when it contains such matter as is in "New Poems," by John Payne (Newman and Co.). Were it only for the sake of "Salvestra" the book would be worth reading; since in this the author has given us perhaps the most musical and tender new reading of a Decameron story ever written,—if Keats's "Isabella" be excepted. Mr. Payne shows clearly how a fine mind may treat a subject in itself somewhat unpleasant with delicacy and pathos; bringing out all the beauty of the original so forcibly, that it would never occur to the coarsest thinker to consider anything but the pity of it, when Girolamo creeps dying into the warm bed; whilst as for the rhythmical treatment of the tale, that is almost above praise. In "Thorgerda," again, the idea of the beautiful Norse witch—wavering between the inherited curse and the acquired innocence—is as touchingly as powerfully put before us; the description of the cave where Thor rouses her from her Christian lover's side is simply exquisite. Amongst the minor pieces we should select as the best "Isobel," the imitations of old French measures, and "Tournesol;" but it would be difficult to select the beauties of a book in which there is so much to praise, and so very little to which objection can be taken. It is certainly one of Mr. Payne's best productions hitherto.

There is but little merit in "Philip II.: a Dramatic Romance," by John Elford (C. S. Palmer). The story of Don Carlos and Isabel has inspired more than one poet of note; and, if the present writer be more historically correct, he will scarcely make us forget Schiller—in spite of his denunciation of the great dramatist. The major portion of the dialogue is in prose, and what is meant to be humorous is sadly depressing; the blank verse would seem to show immaturity. And, when Mr. Elford speaks of Otway's Isabel as being to the original "as Hyperion to a satyr," did he perhaps mean exactly the opposite of what he says? The passage is rather bewildering as it stands in the preface.

We must confess to a feeling of disappointment as regards "The Legend of Allandale," by Felix Morterra (C. Kegan Paul). After reading the first few hundred lines, it was so evident that the author had an unusual command over metre and rhyme that we expected a good strong poetic romance in the old style,—especially as the story, dealing with the Pilgrimage of Grace, treats of one of the most startling episodes in English history. But performance is most startlingly unequal; the narrative is so diffuse as to be well-nigh unintelligible; neither hero, heroine, nor any other of the characters arouse interest; and Mr. Morterra shows a tendency to subject syntax to his own sweet will which is to be deprecated. Nevertheless, we have an idea that this is only an immature work of a man who has it in him to produce something of real worth.

It would seem that "Voices in Solitude," by Roland Georgehill (Samuel Tinsley), is the work of a sincere man, who rather lacks religious and literary training. When, in "The Religion of Louis Figuer," he questions whether there exists any communion of saints, one wonders whether he ever goes to church. And finding such

before-unknown words as "droiling" (*sic*), the thought arises, Is the English tongue so poor as to need re-invention? The verses have in themselves little merit, and the table of errata might be augmented with advantage.

"The Tale of the Three Tinklers," with notes and a glossary, by Eugenio (Remington), has fairly puzzled us. The preface is rather clever, and promised something better,—although "typhoon" with its appended note in the glossary is a joke as old as one of Henry Kingsley's earliest and best novels. But as for the verse, it is like a nightmare after reading "The Hunting of the Snark," and has no appreciable meaning.

Edith Skelton, the author of "Folded Wings, and Other Poems," (Griffith and Farran), shows devotional feeling, and has some musical power. The verses are eminently good in tone; but otherwise they have little claim to general remembrance. Probably they were intended, primarily, for the writer's immediate friends.

Another little collection of pieces of a religious tendency is "God's Answer, and Other Poems," by Sophie A. M. James (Dublin: Robert C. Gerrard). Amongst these little effusions, "Miserere Domine" perhaps claims most consideration.

In dealing with "A Sinful Woman," by J. T. Burton Wollaston (James Blackwood and Co.), it is difficult to know what to say without seeming to speak more harshly than needs. The author must be advised that "Beppo" is not a safe model for ordinary writers, and that it is not a legitimate way of making a rhyme to dock one of two words of its final consonant (see page 22). What the story means we should be rather at a loss to say, and the illustrations were better passed over in silence. But if Mr. Wollaston knew his volume to be so utterly bad as he declares it in his preface—a critic might have hesitated to speak so strongly—why on earth was it published?

A most remarkable work, and interesting to antiquarian and ethnological students, is "Legends and Myths of the Aboriginal Indians of British Guiana," collected and edited by the Rev. William Henry Brett, B.D. (W. W. Gardner). We cannot help wishing that Dr. Brett had given us a book containing all these legends in simple prose, with a linguistic *excursus*, somewhat after the manner of Mr. Wentworth Webster's work on the Basque romances, and, perhaps, he will be encouraged to do so. Meanwhile his volume is full of strange interest, and his metres are often very musical. It is curious to meet with an almost exact counterpart of the catastrophe of "Johnnie of Braidislee" in a ballad taken from Carib sources.

A second and enlarged edition of "The Spirit and the Muse," by Sir Philip Perring, Bart., is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. Some of the hymns will be familiar to our readers, as above the average; and it is a good idea to print the original text of Horace side by side with the original translations.

It would be almost impossible, without danger of hyperbole, to praise too highly the exquisitely beautiful little volume, "Poems selected from Percy Bysshe Shelley," with preface, by Richard Garnett (C. Regan Paul). Mr. Garnett's name is enough to guarantee the excellence of the edition to all connoisseurs, and the get-up of the book is above price.

It would seem that the possible completion of "The Exile: a Poem," by Ernest Watson Paul, Esq. (Houlston and Sons), depends upon the public encouragement its author may receive; in which case, we fear, the remaining cantos will remain in his portfolio. At any rate, if he would study the laws of rhythm a little more (Stanzas 12, 14, 21) before completing the work it would be an advantage. As yet, no story is revealed.

"South African War Verses," by Frederick Atkinson (Samuel Tinsley), have the ephemeral value attaching to metrical records of passing events, and gain some little additional interest from their association with the name of Major Chard, V.C. Else, they would not have called for special notice.



ELECTION OF SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVE PEERS. —"A London Solicitor" writing to *The Times*, calls attention to the fact that Sections 3 and 4 of the "Supreme Court of Judicature Act, 1873" unite and consolidate the High Court of Chancery and other Courts as one Supreme Court of Judicature in England consisting of two permanent divisions—viz., "Her Majesty's High Court of Justice" and "Her Majesty's Court of Appeal," and sarcastically asks where the Lord Clerk Register or his deputies can now find "Our High Court of Chancery of Great Britain" to which the return of the sixteen Peers of Scotland has (according to the Queen's Proclamation) to be forwarded? In reply to this, "Another London Solicitor" explains that "all the functions of the political High Court of Chancery, of that Chancery which is a department of State, remain entirely unaffected by the Judicature Acts, they only concerning that part of its functions which was purely judicial." He further remarks that "the Proclamation (correctly) speaks of the High Court of Chancery of Great Britain, and the Judicature Act (also correctly) of the High Court of Chancery of England. As an ordinary judicial Court, Chancery never had any jurisdiction over Scotland, nor did its writs run there. As a department of State the case was different, its action extending over Scotland as well as England."

BETTING ON ELECTIONS. —A Manchester contemporary cautions its readers against betting on the elections of candidates for whom they have a vote, as such bets have, it is informed, been reduced to writing, so that they may be evidence in a civil action or an election trial. It is clear that if A bets B a sum of money that C will not be returned he "promises him a valuable consideration" in the event of C's election, which, of course, brings both A and B under the provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act.

A CHARGE OF INTIMIDATING AN ELECTOR was brought before the Woolwich police magistrate last week, the complainant alleging that his landlord, who is a member of the local Liberal Council, had threatened to raise his rent if he did not remove the Conservative bills from his windows. Mr. Bagnay adjourned the case until after the election, in the hope that political excitement would cool down; he had no power to convict in such a case, and the depositions had been taken with a view of the case going for trial. The prosecution was instituted under 17 and 18 Vic., c. 102, s. 5, which enacts that any one interfering with the free exercise of the franchise shall be liable to fine and imprisonment, and to pay a sum of 50*l.*, with costs, to any person suing for the same. It enacts also that the person convicted shall be deprived of the franchise, and that his name and address shall be published at the end of the annual list of voters during his lifetime.

LIABILITY FOR A WIFE'S DEBTS. —The decision of the Court of Appeal in the case of *Debenham v. Mellor* has created quite a panic amongst credit-giving tradesmen, and will probably have a salutary effect upon them. It is a judgment which affects and should interest all classes of society, from the Duke or Earl whose wife exceeds her pin-money by hundreds or even thousands per annum, to the mechanic whose "missus" runs up a bill of a few shillings with a tallyman. All that a husband has to do to protect himself is to give his wife a fixed allowance and a positive order not to buy anything on credit, and if after that any tradesman chooses to trust her, he does so at his own risk. This is the law, but the impression that it is entirely the other way is so deeply rooted in the

(Continued on page 358)

M. ERNEST RENAN

"Do you not think, gentlemen, that men are too severe upon their fellows? They anathematise each other, they scorn each other, when often, on either side, Honesty is insulting Honesty and Truth reviling Truth." Such was the question which M. Ernest Renan recently put to the members of the French Academy in his inaugural address, and such an utterance well defines the character of one of the greatest philosophical writers of the age. "M. Renan," wrote M. Edmond About two years ago, "will not be elected to the Academy because he has written the 'Vie de Jésus,' but in spite of his having written it," and the result justified the prophecy. Although bitterly opposed and derided by the French clergy, with Bishop Dupanloup at their head, M. Renan has nevertheless achieved an immense amount of popularity, even in circles where Voltaire is still regarded as a monster, and Strauss is looked upon with holy horror. Perhaps the secret of this lies in the art which he possesses of putting his case with suave gentleness and tender moderation—an art doubtless due to his priestly education—which contrasts forcibly with Voltaire's scornfully mocking and "brutal"—to use the word in a Gallic sense—tone which grates so painfully upon the ears of the reader. A hostile critic once declared that M. Renan had left the St. Sulpice College carrying the secrets of the profession with him, and certainly he has used the tools of his former tutors with such skill that, despite the abhorrence they profess for his handiwork, they cannot withhold their admiration for the manner in which it is executed. He always speaks affectionately of the Church in which he was reared, and even when striving to demolish the dearest bulwarks of the Christian faith, he does it with a reverential hand, there being no trace in his style of the "anathema and scorn" against which he so protests. Nor is M. Renan a simple iconoclast, for he strives to console his reader by holding out a hope that possibly atheists are mistaken in doubting a subsequent existence. "Perhaps after death," he says, "you are awaited by the beautiful deception of a future state." And again, "For myself, I have an invincible confidence in the goodness of the mind which has created the universe."

Born in 1823, at Tréguier, of comparatively poor parents, humble Breton folks, whom he himself terms "semi-barbarous, among those good and virtuous Cimmerians who inhabit the shores of a gloomy sea," Joseph Ernest Renan early lost his father, a captain of a coasting vessel; and on being questioned as to the choice of his future career, he decided for the priesthood. His mother consenting, he received his first course of education at the school of his native village, and was thence transferred to the seminary at St. Nicholas, Paris, where he studied, curiously enough, under that very Abbé Dupanloup who in after years was so vigorous in his denunciations of his former pupil. Thence he was promoted to the College at Issy; and there, as at Tréguier, he distinguished himself above all his fellow students, particularly in languages, the Hebrew Professor being perfectly astonished at his linguistic powers. Having completed his philosophical course, he went to St. Sulpice for his theological curriculum. There a curious change was wrought in the man. One day he said to his superior, "Father, I doubt." "Wait awhile, and pray," was the answer. Two months afterwards young Renan came again, and saying, "Father, I have prayed, and I believe still less," quitted the college, and became a simple tutor in a private school in the Rue Faubourg St. Jacques. His first work of any note was in 1847, a memoir on the Semitic languages, which obtained the Volney prize, and which speedily established his reputation as a writer.

Next year he commenced the publication of a journal, *La Liberté de Penser*, in which he embodied some of his most brilliant essays on theology, philosophy, and history—all preparatory to the great work of his life, "Les Origines du Christianisme," of which the "Vie de Jésus," the first instalment, has made his name world-renowned, and about which so hot a controversy arose that the *Figaro* stated that in 1863-4 no fewer than fifteen hundred books and pamphlets were written for and against its author. Napoléon III., always on the look out for men of merit, had previously marked M. Renan, who then occupied a post in the Imperial Library, as a man of a great future, and had sent him into Syria, during the French occupation in 1860, on a tour of exploration through that country, and Phœnicia. On his return he was appointed Hebrew Professor of the College of France, but in his inaugural lecture he handled theological subjects with such freedom that he was suspended, and subsequently "relieved" of

his office. The Emperor offered him in compensation a lucrative post in the Imperial Library, but M. Renan declined it decisively, quoting the words of St. Paul, "Take back thy money." In 1869 he was a candidate for the Corps Legislatif, but was unsuccessful, and since that time has lived in comparative retirement with his wife—who was a daughter of Henri Scheffer, and a niece of Ary Scheffer, the painter—and his two daughters, devoting himself wholly to his literary labours. Of his "Origines du

Tempest, entitled "Caliban." We may remind our readers that M. Renan, whom we are sorry to hear has been suffering from rheumatism, will deliver the Hibbert Lectures at the St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on the afternoons of April 6th, 9th, 13th, and 16th, and will repeat each lecture on the following morning; and in addition to these deliver a Lecture on Marcus Aurelius at the Royal Institution, on the evening of April 16th.—Our portrait is from a photograph by F. Mulnier, 25, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.



JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN

THE "HIBBERT LECTURER" FOR 1880

Christianisme," the sixth volume, "L'Eglise Chrétienne," was published last year, and was originally intended to have been the conclusion of the work, but he has decided to publish a seventh and final volume, treating of Marcus Aurelius and the reasons why Church and State which, under Constantine, were on such friendly terms, had not previously been reconciled under the first-named Emperor. M. Renan's style of writing has been pronounced of the purest, pure, and he possesses that great gift of vivid imagery which exercises so great a charm upon all classes of readers. Space will not permit of our mentioning the whole of M. Renan's writings, but amongst the principal are "La Mission en Phénicie," which contains an account of the researches in Syria during the French occupation, a translation of the Book of Job, "Etude d'Histoire Religieuse," and a political continuation of Shakespeare's

THE CAPTURE OF COLONEL SYNGE

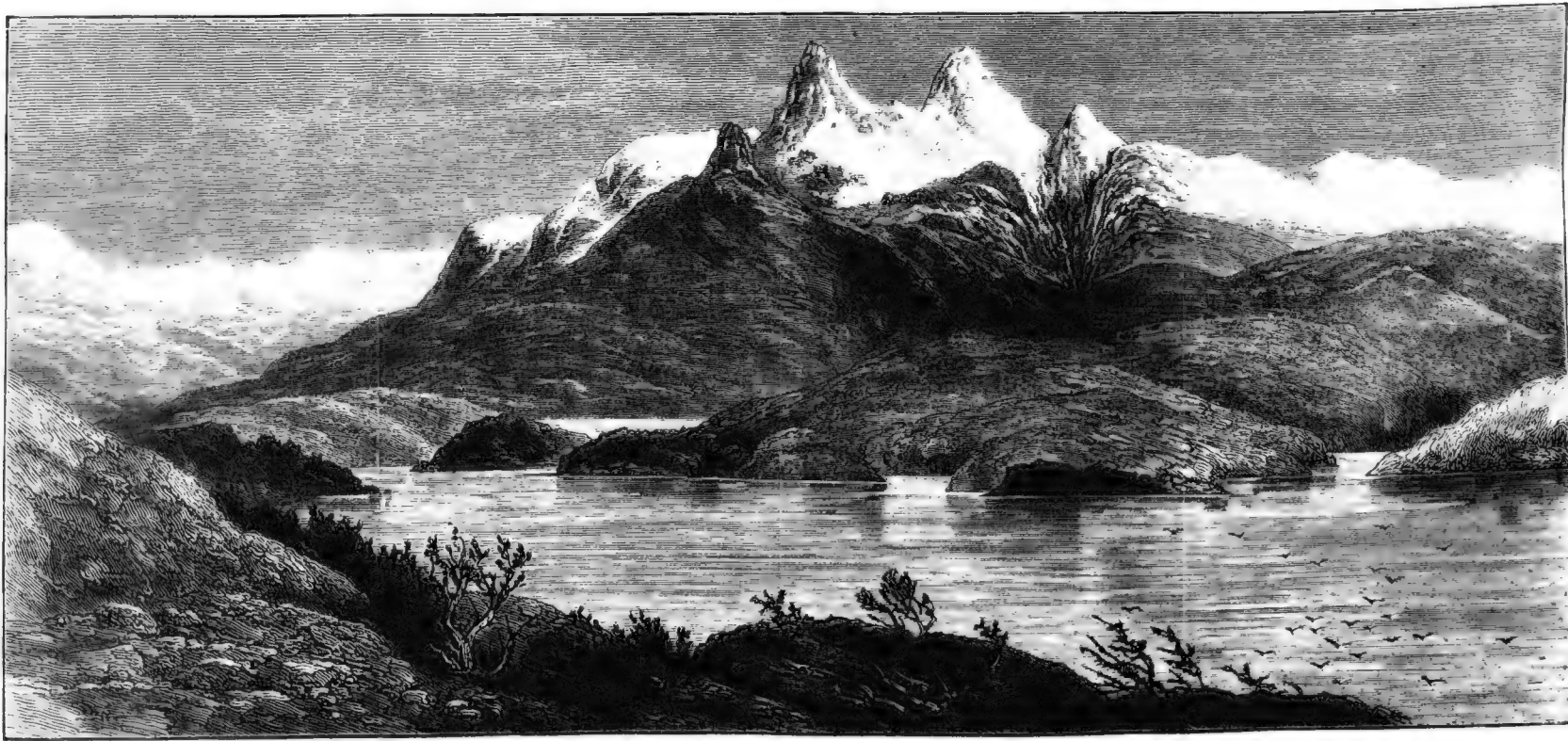
BRIGANDAGE, unfortunately, has long been a favourite pursuit of the inhabitants of the mountain districts of Turkey, the culprits, as a rule, not being the "unspeakable Turk," but their Christian countrymen, the Greeks or Albanians. Hitherto, however, the brigands have confined their raids to carrying off plunder from an isolated farmhouse, or to attacking some small party of merchants or travellers in an out-of-the-way road or path; but now, under the leadership of a noted chief named Niko, a band of Albanians and Greeks have inaugurated a new system of terrorism, which will probably at last induce the Ottoman authorities to take some active steps to put the evil down. On Feb. 19 Colonel Syngé, an officer of the Ottoman Gendarmerie, who had recently been employed, at the request of Sir Henry Layard, in distributing food and clothing to the distressed Moslem refugees of Eastern Roumelia, was kidnapped by Niko and his band of twenty-five followers, and together with his wife carried into the mountains. The brigands suddenly surrounded Colonel Syngé's residence—a farm at Tricovista, in the district of Karaaferia, and about seventy miles from Salonica—and, before any resistance could be offered, made the unlucky proprietor their prisoner. Before leaving, however, Colonel Syngé found means to despatch a messenger to the British Consul at Salonica, informing him of his capture, but at the same time urgently requesting him not to allow any troops to be sent in pursuit, as, if hard pressed, Niko had threatened to kill his prisoners. Accordingly peaceable negotiations were opened with the brigand, who at first demanded 15,000*l.* and various minor conditions. This sum, after some bargaining carried on at Katerina, was reduced to 12,000*l.*, on the payment of which, on the 22nd ult., Colonel Syngé was released. He states that he was very kindly treated throughout by his captors.—Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. C. J. Cummins, of Salonica, and are sufficiently explained by their titles. We may mention, however, that the Mount Olympus in the sketch, which towers some 10,000 feet above the plain, is the mount so celebrated in Greek mythological lore as the dwelling-place of the Gods. The sketch represents the mountain with its winter garb of snow. At the foot is situated the little town of Katerina, where the negotiations were conducted.

"NOTRE DAME," OR DOUBLE PEAK MOUNTAIN, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

OUR engraving, which is from a sketch taken by one of the officers of H.M.S. *Alert*, gives a good idea of the general character of the wild and barren scenery of the Straits of Magellan. The *Alert*, commanded by Sir George Nares, left England in 1878, and has been principally employed since then in surveying the Trinidad Channel in the Magellan Straits, previously so little known, to ascertain if a navigable passage existed through it direct to the Pacific Ocean, which would save the distance steamers are now obliged to go in making their exit nearly three degrees to the north, by the Gulf of Peñas. This wild and desolate region is subject to severe and very sudden storms, with continuous rains. Owing to the great cold during the winter months the surveying work is suspended, the *Alert* going then to Valparaiso or Coquimbo.

Our sketch is taken from the Puerto del Morro on the south side, the distant water to the north is the entrance to the Trinidad Channel. Beyond is "Notre Dame," or Double Mountain, 3,300 feet high.

NAPOLEON III.'S COLLECTION OF ANCIENT ARMS AND ARMOUR at the Château de Pierrefonds is to be taken to the Artillery Museum at the Invalides. It includes some 600 pieces, some of which are highly valuable.



NOTRE DAME, OR DOUBLE PEAK MOUNTAIN, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

A SKETCH FROM H.M.S. "ALERT" ENGAGED IN SURVEYING THE TRINIDAD CHANNEL



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDÉS, A.R.A.

He put the ring on with a good grace.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIBERTY IS SWEET

"PRAY do not remind me of anything so disagreeable," said Miss Savage, with a hurried affectation of gaiety. "I feel already as if I was a hundred!"

"My dear Winifred," said Lord Brackenbury, "you know quite well what I mean."

"You mean what the ancients meant, when they sat down to supper with a skeleton and crowned it with roses—only you leave out the roses. It is dreadfully uncivil."

Having arrived half-an-hour earlier than usual, and being shown into an empty drawing-room, Lord Brackenbury had sought Miss Savage out of doors. He found her in the orchard, sitting on the grass under a big mulberry tree, with her dogs at her feet, and in her lap a volume of "Guy Mannering." It was a hot July afternoon, and under the mulberry tree there was a space of delicious shade. The young lady, however, had risen at his approach, and they were now strolling slowly round the orchard.

"I mean nothing of the kind," said Lord Brackenbury, with his grave smile. "Besides, you must not say 'the ancients,' Winifred. It is an expression altogether out of date."

"Aunt Hester always says 'the ancients,'" replied Miss Savage. "It is very ugly. I am glad it is out of date. I like to think of the Greeks and Romans as anything but ancient—especially the Greeks. To me they are always young and beautiful, living under skies perpetually cloudless, and walking about in white robes that

never by any possibility get soiled or shabby. They should be called the Immortals."

"Neither do I wish you to look upon me in the light of a Memento Mori," continued Lord Brackenbury, taking no heed of this digression. "My object in reminding you of your age, . . ."

"Don't remind me of it!—a woman is always eighteen till she is thirty," interrupted Miss Savage, quickening her steps in the direction of the house.

"Had we not better stay here?" said Lord Brackenbury. "It is cooler than indoors. Besides, I want to talk to you very particularly—about the future."

Miss Savage, after a moment's hesitation, resigned herself to inevitable fate.

"As you please," she said wearily; "but I don't see the use of it. The present is what really concerns us. The future will take care of itself."

"I prefer to take care of my own future," replied Lord Brackenbury; "and, I hope, of yours. Shall we sit down here?"

They had passed out of the orchard into the garden—a weedy, neglected, old-fashioned place, intersected by formal walks crossing each other at right angles between beds of lavender and rows of hollyhocks and sunflowers. At the upper end, flanked to right and left by a high wall covered with peach and nectarine trees, stood a quaint red-brick summer-house; and in front of this summer-house, which was furnished with two uncomfortable rustic chairs and a table, a sun-dial on a lichen-stained stone pedestal told off the

drowsy hours as they passed. It was here that Lord Brackenbury proposed they should sit down.

Miss Savage silently complied; and Lord Brackenbury noticed that she was unusually pale.

"I fear you are tired," he said.

"Oh no—thanks. I am not tired. But I suppose every one feels this sultry weather, more or less."

Lord Brackenbury got up; examined a thermometer that hung against the wall; found that it registered 80° in the shade; remarked that English heat was more oppressive than Italian heat; sat down again; and looked as if he did not quite know what to say next.

"If my father had lived a few months longer," he said presently, "he would, I suppose, by this time have had the happiness of calling you his daughter."

She made no answer.

"It would have been a great happiness to him; and he had been looking forward to it for many years. He loved you very much."

The tears rushed to Miss Savage's eyes.

"I loved *him* very much," she said, turning her face away. "He was the kindest friend I ever had."

Then there was a pause, during which Lord Brackenbury felt exceedingly uncomfortable.

"I am quite sure, Winifred," he said presently, "that you know what I am about to say as well as if I had already said it."

"Whether I do or not, never mind—leave it unsaid—pray, leave it unsaid."

Lord Brackenbury's brow darkened. Miss Savage was not wont to be vehement; but in the way these words were spoken there was a vehemence that surprised and displeased him.

"That is impossible," he said. "I cannot put aside a matter of great importance as if it were of no importance at all."

Then, bethinking himself that this was an occasion upon which a certain reluctance was possibly *de rigueur* on the part of the lady, and that his own tone was not, perhaps, sufficiently lover-like, he added more gently:—

"It is time, dear, that we should form some definite plans for the future. I think of giving up my yacht, and settling down for good and all as an old-fashioned country gentleman. Meanwhile, Brackenbury Court waits for its mistress; and I—and I for my wife."

Setting aside the fact that he had prepared this little speech as he rode along, Lord Brackenbury delivered it with very proper emphasis, and even with tenderness.

"Surely—surely, it is too soon to think of these things," said Miss Savage; no longer with vehemence, but with manifest distress.

"Too soon? It is nearly seven months."

"Nearly? Say, only."

Lord Brackenbury hesitated. Was it really too soon, and should he have waited till the full year of mourning had elapsed? Was he premature, or was Miss Savage over-sensitive? He weighed it for a moment in his mind, and then gave judgment in his own favour.

"Dear Winifred," he said, very gently, "I am not urging you to take any immediate step. Nothing is farther from my thoughts. And I am sure I need hardly say that for the whole world I would not desire to show disrespect to my father's memory. But this one matter was the dearest wish of his heart; and to look forward to the fulfilment of that wish—well knowing that it is what he would himself desire us to do—can be in no wise disrespectful. Of this I am convinced."

"The world would say it was disrespectful," said Miss Savage.

"I do not agree with you. I am quite sure the world would say nothing of the kind. And if it did, why should we care, so long as we know that what we do is right?"

"But why think of it at all just yet? There is no need for haste. We are very happy as we are!"

Now here, in truth, Miss Savage was right. There was really no need for haste; and Lord Brackenbury knew quite well that he had sought this conversation chiefly through a sense of what was due to the young lady herself. He was sincerely attached to Miss Savage in his own way; but his own way was a cool way, and his feeling for her, if analysed, would have yielded a result more approximate to friendship than to love. He knew in his heart that he was by no means impatient to be married—that, in fact, he would very gladly let matters drift for at all events some months longer. But then he felt himself called upon to assume the virtue of lover-like impatience, though he had it not. Again, in Miss Savage's reluctance—which was quite distinct from mere coyness—there was a something that irritated his self-love, and spurred him to persistence.

"However happy they may be in the present," he replied gravely, "those who marry must always hope to be happier afterwards. Now I venture to think, Winifred, that your life at Brackenbury Court will be happier than your life at The Grange. I shall certainly try to make it so."

"I know that," said Miss Savage, quickly. "I have never doubted it."

"Then as for haste—well, I admit that there is no urgent haste. I am neither on my deathbed, nor on the eve of a long voyage, nor under sentence of execution. But I am of opinion that matrimony is one of the things about which one may deliberate too long:—'When 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly.'"

"Isn't that rather an ominous quotation?" said she, with a nervous little laugh.

Lord Brackenbury smiled. He had made use of the hackneyed quotation without any thought of the context.

"Well," he said, "I admit that it is not a happy one."

Then, after a moment's pause, he did what he had never done before. He took Miss Savage's hand with gentle courtesy, and kissed it.

"Tell me how long I must wait for this hand, dear," he said. "I do not wish to be importunate. I will wait as long as you like—in reason."

She looked at him, seeming scarcely to be aware of the kiss.

"If—if I might tell you what I wish!" she faltered, with an appealing look in her eyes.

"It is what I am asking you to do."

Still she hesitated. Her awe of him was very real, and she feared to offend him.

"You must not be vexed with me," she said; "you must promise not to be vexed with me!"

"I will not be unjust," said Lord Brackenbury. "I think I can promise that."

"Then I wish—I wish that we might go on like this, making no change, as long as—as Aunt Hester lives."

Lord Brackenbury was silent from sheer astonishment.

"I am so necessary to her, and—and we are so poor—you have no idea how poor! In truth, I do not know how she could live without me. I don't mean as regards her love for me—it is not that; although she loves me better than she loves anything in the world, since Uncle Stephen's death—but—I do so many things for her that no one else could do—ah! it is so difficult to explain!"

"It is, indeed, difficult to explain how Miss Langtreys should be injured by a marriage which would give us both the right to be of use to her," said Lord Brackenbury.

"Of use?—Of use to Aunt Hester? How little you know her! She is so proud—as proud as she is poor! She would not accept help, even from me."

"My dear Winifred, that is absurd."

"It may be absurd, but it is true. Besides, it would be your money, and—and though the old feud is healed over, she has never really forgotten."

"Never really forgotten! What do you mean? It is possible that Miss Langtreys, whom I have always believed to be sincerely my friend, still cherishes the old grudge? I cannot believe it."

"Oh, not that—not a grudge! Only it was a grievance of so many, many years, and Uncle Stephen was so bitter, and—what Uncle Stephen believed was Aunt Hester's religion. Yet she is your friend, Cuthbert, in her way. But I cannot make you understand it."

Lord Brackenbury's face grew stern.

"If you mean that Miss Langtreys cannot forget the old family quarrel with which you and I have nothing to do, and that, because she cannot forget it, you are willing to sacrifice everything to her, then I confess I do not understand it," he said. "And, moreover, I had believed that Miss Langtreys desired the marriage—desired it as much almost as did my own father."

"She does!" replied the girl warmly; "indeed she does!"

"Yet, admitting that she desires it, you propose for her sake to put it off indefinitely! That is bad logic, Winifred."

"It may be the worst of logic—I dare say it is: but you don't realise what paupers we are. Yes, paupers," said Miss Savage, in a kind of desperation. "There is no other word for it! Why, I make all our dresses—I help Ruth in the dairy. I—I am a sort of general servant, sempstress, upper housemaid, and so forth. . . . How shocked you look! Don't be shocked. I like it—indeed I do. I—I am quite happy! I could not possibly be happier!"

Her voice broke. She was half laughing, half crying. Lord Brackenbury had never seen her like this before.

"Dear child," he said, hurriedly, "pray don't do that! I—I confess I had no idea that you—I mean that Miss Langtreys—upon my honour, I hardly know what I mean!"

"I am so sorry!" said the girl, recovering her self-control by a resolute effort. "I am ashamed to have given way like this. Pray forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive. On the contrary, I am glad to know the truth. Of this, however, I am certain—that nothing will be easier than to supply your place at The Grange. Your Aunt's circumstances can also be improved without offence to her pride. Trust me to work out this problem. In the mean while—"

He paused, and looked at her keenly.

"Well, in the mean while, seeing that you are happy, and that for the present you prefer to travel on in the old groove—am I right in saying you prefer it?"

"Oh, yes—quite right."

"Just so. Seeing, then, that such is your actual preference, shall we conclude to wait—how much longer, Winifred?"

Miss Savage was silent.

"Shall we say a year from now?"

But that he had negatived it so absolutely, she would fain have resorted to her first proposition. But this she dared not do.

"Why fix a time—just yet?" she said. "Why not wait and—"

"And see what?"

She was again silent.

"My dear Winifred, one cannot put off so important an event *sine die*. It would not be reasonable. It would not be convenient. It would not be just either to yourself, or to Miss Langtreys, or to me. We must come to a definite conclusion of some kind—distant, if you will; but definite. Will a year hence content you?"

He waited, looking at her gravely; and she, conscious of his eyes, turned red and then pale.

"If—if it might be two years" . . . she ventured, tremulously.

"Very good. Let it be two years—two years from now. The time is long; but I prefer that it should be of your own choosing."

She tried to say that she was glad—that she was sorry—that she was grateful—but the words became entangled, and ended in nothing.

Lord Brackenbury smiled.

"Do not name it, I entreat," he said, drily. "If you are pleased, it is enough. In the mean while, we understand each other; which is very desirable. And now, before we go in, I have a little request to make. I have never given you a ring, Winifred—and a ring, you know, is indispensable. I ought, in fact, to have given you one long ago. May I hope that you will wear this for my sake?"

Saying which, he drew from his waistcoat-pocket a small morocco box containing a massive ring set with one large brilliant.

"It is very handsome," said Miss Savage, drawing back; "much too handsome for me!"

"That I deny."

"But—but I never wear rings. I never had a ring in my life."

"The more reason that you should have one now. Let us see if it will fit. No; not this hand—the other."

If Miss Savage had never before possessed a ring, Lord Brackenbury, for his part, had never given one. He may, therefore, be excused for feeling not a little awkward when he found himself, according to immemorial tradition, with a lady's finger in one hand and a ring in the other. However, he put the ring on with a good grace; pronounced it an excellent fit; and, for the second time that day, kissed the girlish hand that wore it.

Thus, to the contentment of both, the marriage was deferred for yet two more years.

Liberty is sweet; and Lord Brackenbury, although he had done his *devoir* as a lover, was not sorry to put off the sale of his yacht. As he rode home, in fact, that afternoon, making a wide circuit round the outskirts of the moor, he planned how he would make an autumn cruise among the Norwegian fjords; and wondered whether Lancelot would like a trip to the Greek islands in the spring.

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD COURT

A LONG, low, antique-looking room, with wainscoted walls, and polished oaken floor, and a huge carved chimney-piece surmounted by a defaced coat of arms. At the further end of this room, a modern bay-window. On the hearth, newly lined with blue and white Dutch tiles, a blazing log fire. On the floor, all kinds of Eastern rugs and mats of shaggy furs; and, on the walls (besides innumerable oil sketches and studies finished and unfinished, framed and unframed), a heterogeneous array of curious mediæval and Oriental weapons; old brass plates and seventeenth century sconces; Delft, Majolica, and Palissy dishes; Venetian mirrors; Albert Dürer woodcuts and Piranesi engravings in old black frames; and the Dreyshout Shakespear, and Blake's Canterbury Pilgrims, and a magnificent proof of the Madonna di San Sisto.

The furniture is as picturesque and various—a medley of high-backed Elizabethan chairs, old Italian cabinets, Japanese screens, stools of exquisite Arab work in rosewood and mother of pearl, and painted bride-chests that might be as old as the legend of Ginevra. Here and there stand tables of carved oak or Florentine mosaic, laden with books and papers, and big china bowls full of many-coloured chrysanthemums. And in the recess of the window stands an easel, and on the easel a picture.

The room in short, with its warmth, its luxury, its wealth of colour, and its costly *bric-à-brac*, is an artist's studio.

The artist too is there, brush and palette in hand. He has been at work in a desultory way ever since breakfast, and has made little or no progress. And now the light is fast fading, and the early November dusk is close at hand; and although he is dissatisfied with every touch, yet—half in impatience, half in obstinacy—he still paints on. In his picture there is a female figure, and on a chair close by, a sketch in crayon. This sketch is his model. He refers to it perpetually, translating it into colour, and adapting it to his subject as he goes along.

Suddenly—self-dissatisfaction having reached its climax—he flings down the brush, hangs his palette on one of the easel pegs, and, gloomily whistling, surveys the damage he has done. His day's work, he tells himself, has been one long failure. The picture as he left it yesterday was in a better state by far than he leaves it to-day. He was then, at all events, content with it, as far as it went. To-day he has done nothing but mar it. He began by marring it with the first touch he laid upon the canvas, and he has gone on marring it ever since. What a fool he had been to persist hour after hour, when he knew he was not in the vein! What work it will cost him to repair the mischief—if indeed it can be repaired without scraping down to the canvas and beginning again *ab ovo*!

There are moments when the masculine mind feels impelled to unburden itself in strong language, and this gentleman's sentiments on the present occasion found expression in vernacular more forcible than select.

Relieved apparently by this little outburst, he shoved the easel back into a corner, and turned the picture with its face to the wall. He then lit a cigar, snatched up a broad-brimmed ferocious-looking felt hat, threw open the window, and went out upon the terrace beyond.

To a stranger unacquainted with the place and its history, nothing could well be more startling than the contrast between that well-furnished interior, and the aspect of the building as seen from outside.

Within, all was comfort, warmth, and careless luxury; without, all was ruin.

The house had been a stately mansion once; but was now a mere shell. Only a corner of one wing was yet habitable, and that part had evidently been patched up and roofed in quite recently. The rest was a picturesque confusion of skeleton walls; shattered window-frames; broken chimneys with carved and clustered columns: battered gargoyles in whose gaping jaws the birds made their nests; blackened fire-places marking the level of upper chambers, now roofless and open to the sky. In one corner was a winding staircase, broken half-way up and leading nowhere; at the opposite corner, a quaint octagonal turret surmounted by a creaking weathercock. Everywhere might be seen traces of fire and smoke and havoc of warfare. A place once reeking with terrible with slaughter; now lovely with green and russet mosses, and yellow lichens, and stonecrop, and the mantling ivy with its clusters of black berries, and the errant bramble gemmed with scarlet seed-pods, and the Virginian creeper in a dying glory of crimson and gold.

The terrace—a grassy platform bordered by a broken balustrade—led down by a double flight of steps to what had once been a garden, but was now a hillside wilderness of tangled weeds and clipped yews grown wildly out of shape. Lower still, at the foot of the slope, lay the old bowling green—a sunken, oblong space of level turf, perfectly preserved and, in curious contrast to the condition of the garden, perfectly well-kept. Beyond and below here, all was shrubbery, covert, and broken ground, honeycombed with rabbit-warrens and populous with partridges and pheasants.

The terrace commanded all this, and much more beside—the valley and the meadow flats far below, the little river idly wandering between ranks of stunted pollards, the church-tower peeping out above the trees; while on the upper level, far as the eye ranged, there was seen on the one side a rolling expanse of moorland, and on the other a thickly-wooded park.

That park is Brackenbury Park. Those moors are Brackenbury Moors. This ruined mansion is Brackenbury Old Court. The artist is Lord Brackenbury's brother.

Yes, said to say, instead of taking the borough and walking in that straight Parliamentary path for which he was destined, Lancelot Brackenbury had elected to become an artist. Like his brother, he travelled for a year on leaving college; and, unlike his brother, he came back having made choice of a profession. Fate surely nursed a grudge against the father of these two young men, and delighted in disappointing him. According to the faith of the ex-Ambassador, Art as a profession was almost as objectionable as Liberalism in politics. Was it not misfortune enough that Cuthbert should embrace the one heresy, without Lancelot embracing the other?

Yet Lancelot had talent, and there were some in even Lord Brackenbury's own set who said that the younger son might do worse than become a painter. Well, yes—he might do worse. He might turn actor, or fiddler, or circus-rider. He might take to open-air preaching. He might marry a ballet-dancer. But to reflect that bad might be worse never yet afforded lively comfort to any of us; and least of all to Lord Brackenbury.

However, Lancelot believed that he had found his vocation; so an artist he was, and an artist he remained, setting to work in good earnest, and beginning with a year or two of hard work in a French studio. By and by, when his father died and his elder brother was living with one foot on land and one on sea, he took a fancy to make a den for himself at Old Court, where the only weather-tight corner was occupied by a gamekeeper. Here he appropriated two little rooms; put an easel in one and a camp-bed in the other, and engaged the gamekeeper's wife to wait upon him. It was a rough life; but as he only ran down now and then for a month's shooting or sketching, he enjoyed the roughness of it, and desired nothing better. Later on, however, when Lord Brackenbury disappeared, and the great house was shut up, and the title and estates were in abeyance, he decided to turn the den into a comfortable *piéd à terre*. So he roofed in two or three more rooms, ran up some stabling, removed the gamekeeper to a cottage near by, and made his home among the ruins. He had chambers also in London; but being hard at work just now upon a picture for the next Salon, he had settled down for some months of country life.

It was his wont to paint till about half-past two or three in the afternoon, and then to ride or walk till dusk; but on this particular day, having gone doggedly on till the end of the daylight, he contented himself with a quarter-deck stroll on the terrace. Here he paced slowly to and fro. He was thinking; and his thoughts, apparently, were not pleasant. There was gloom in the set look of his mouth, and in the way his hat was pulled down upon his brow. There was discontent in his very walk.

Coming presently to the end of his cigar, he pitched it impatiently over the balustrade, and paused to look at the darkening sky. It was all aglow a moment since—a dappled wedge of plumy cirro-stratus, slanting athwart the sky like a vast wing, each purple feather tipped with crimson; but now the last faint flush was gone, and the purples had faded to slaty grey. Below, all was mist and gathering darkness. In the valley a white fog was creeping along the flats, and the distant landscape had already sunk away in a sea of shadow.

Suddenly, the silence was broken by a loud barking, as of dogs near by and others farther away; and presently two men followed by a pointer and a retriever came quickly up from below, making straight for the house. As they crossed the waste of garden and mounted the last flight of steps, they proved to be a gentleman and a gamekeeper, each with his gun.

"There's Mr. Brackenbury, sir," said the man, jerking his thumb upwards in the direction of the terrace.

The gentleman, who was about to turn towards the stables, stopped and stared around.

"Now then, Cochrane," sang out the master of the house, "where are you going?"

Cochrane—otherwise Horace Cochrane Esquire of the Inner Temple, barrister, and Under Secretary of the Wax and Wafer Department, Downing Street—gave his gun to the keeper, and joined his friend.

"So you're here, are you?" said he. "I waited for you at the Crow's Nest for the best part of an hour. Been at work all day?"

"Yes—after a fashion. But I told you not to wait. If I had come at all, I should have been there as soon as yourself."

"Oh, it didn't matter, I rather liked it. There was a queer old fellow there—Isaac Something-or-Another—a sort of rat-catcher or sand-carrier. He told me he was one of your tenants. I treated him to beer and drew him out. He was great fun."

"I know him," said the other. "Isaac Plant—an awful old black-guard."

"So I should imagine."

"And one of the biggest poachers out."

"He looks it. I've promised to pay him a visit. He has a bull-dog pup for sale. Lives somewhere on the moor, doesn't he?"

"Not on this moor—on Burfield Moor, right away on the other side, beyond the colliery. But he is not a nice acquaintance; and he'll cheat you if he can. What sort of a day have you had?"

"Not brilliant. Three brace of pheasants, two of partridges, and a couple of rabbits. I don't care much for that young retriever of yours—the old dog is worth a dozen of him."

"You are right—but wouldn't you rather go in?"

Mr. Cochrane, however, preferred a cigar on the terrace; so they continued to walk up and down in the dusk.

"About that old fellow—that Isaac Plant," said Mr. Cochrane, presently. "Is he one of the queer race you were telling me about the other day—Hyperboreans, Anthropophagi, or something?"

"You mean the 'dark folk,' as we call them. Yes, he's one of them; and a mighty bad specimen of a mighty bad lot. But they're neither Hyperboreans nor Anthropophagi, nor do their heads, so far as I know, grow beneath their shoulders."

"What are they, then?"

"Well, they're supposed to be of Saracen origin—or what is called Saracen, for want of a better term. There's a legend about them—that they were captives brought over at the time of the Crusades, and that they have lived here ever since."

"And who brought them—one of your ancestors?"

"Oh, no—a Langtreys of the time of Cœur de Lion. The Langtreys are ever so much older than the Brackenburys. All these moors were originally their property. They date from the creation of the world; whereas we emerged from nothingness about the time of Henry the Seventh."

"And Langtreys Grange—does that also date from the creation?"

"Wait till you've seen it."

"My dear fellow, I do nothing but wait! I have been here a fortnight, and I believe I shall go away after all without seeing it."

"I will take you over there to-morrow—*foi d'honneur!* It is the most wonderful old place you ever saw."

"I've seen a good many wonderful old places," said Mr. Cochrane.

"Ay, abroad—but not in the way of English mediæval timber houses. There nothing in Chester or Tewkesbury to compare with Langtreys Grange. It's the finest thing of its kind in England."

"You say so much about it, that I begin to think I had better not see it at all," said the guest. "I hate to be disappointed."

"You won't be disappointed this time."

"That's what people always say. I never yet saw a famous beauty that I could admire—simply because she had been overpraised beforehand."

"Ah, but you're fastidious about beauty."

"There you are wrong. I can admire agreeable mediocrity, when left to put my own valuation upon it; but, somehow or another, when raptures are trumped I never can bring myself to follow suit. You call Miss Savage a beauty, don't you?"

"My father admired her immensely—and he was as hard to please as yourself," replied Lancelot Brackenbury, coldly.

"Meaning, that you are not of the same opinion?"

"I don't say that."

Mr. Cochrane looked at him somewhat curiously.

"I have a notion that I shall admire that young lady," he said.

"At all events, I have not been bored by her praises."

"One doesn't praise the people one has known from boyhood," said Mr. Brackenbury. "One takes all that for granted. I leave you, at all events, to form your own opinion of Miss Savage—mine is worth nothing."

There was a pause. It was getting quite dark, and Mr. Cochrane had come almost to the end of his cigar.

"She can't be very young, anyhow," he remarked presently.

"If you mean Miss Savage, she is about three and twenty," replied Lancelot Brackenbury.

"So young?"

"She is just ten years younger than my brother, and poor Cuthbert would now be thirty-three. How those dogs bark! Do you hear anything on the road?"

"I fancied I did just now; but not—yes, surely! I hear wheels."

They stood, listening. The dogs barked again, and the sound of a rapidly approaching vehicle became distinctly audible.

"A dropper-in," said Mr. Cochrane.

"Droppers-in, my dear fellow, are as rare at Old Court as on Robinson Crusoe's island," laughed his host. "You forget that we are nine miles from everywhere, and that old Miss Langtreys is our nearest neighbour. I wonder who it is! Let's go round to the gate, and see."

They went round, crossing a paved yard that opened upon a lane. The yard-dog, echoed by those in the kennels, was straining at his chain and barking furiously. The kitchen windows gave out a ruddy glow, and a groom with a lantern was peering from the stable door. Presently, like a pair of demon eyes, two lights flashed out of the darkness at the end of the lane, blazed nearer and larger, and resolved themselves into a pair of gig-lamps at the heels of a tall raw-boned grey, which pulled up at the gate.

"Hollo, James!" shouted a cheery voice. "Mind her head, my lad! Master at home?"

"At home, and delighted to see you!" replied Mr. Brackenbury, holding open the gate. "What good wind blows you to these undiscovered shores? Singleton market-day? How kind of you to come round this way! You found the road pretty rough, I am afraid. Now then, mind the step. Allow me to introduce Mr. Cochrane. Cochrane, this is my old friend, Mr. Marrables, about whom I was talking yesterday."

(To be continued)



THE General Election has woefully cut up the London season, and will keep many members of the fashionable world out of town some weeks beyond the usual Easter holidays, hence the gay doings for this month will be in the country. Many of our young readers will rejoice in the chance of enjoying the spring sunshine and showers, especially when we promise them a very merry, if a short season, as soon as the elections are over. Walking dresses are made short, often to clear the ground and to display well-fitting high boots or shoes, with cork soles which will defy the damp grass. For country rambles a useful costume may be made thus:—Short skirt of wood-brown beige, with closely-kilted pleats, a corselet bodice, buttoned down the back. Pelerine scarf to match, which is tied in front, and the ends are then taken and looped through at the back; brown straw hat, trimmed with satin, brown mixed with cream, salmon pink, or primrose colour, a bouquet of lily-of-the-valley and leaves; the same flowers at the throat and on the dainty little satin muff, which is more for show than use, and may well be dispensed with. Another useful costume is made with a kilted skirt of dark blue vicuna, Jersey bodice of the material called stockingette, wide velvet scarf, tied round below the waist, and fastened in a large knot at the back; tight sleeves, buttoned outside almost up to the elbow; small round cape of vicuna, with a deep crossway band of velvet and narrow row of fringe, toque hat to match, with a bouquet of real snowdrops, primroses, or any spring flowers which will last for a few hours. A very pretty new material which is much worn this season is the Cheviot, a soft-woollen fabric, made in tiny hair stripes and checks, two shades of brown, drab, green, or grey; they are quiet-looking, and will not only serve for the spring, but also for the early autumn. For those whose tastes are for showy materials, the new *broché*, a mixture of wool and silk, will meet their requirements. On the woollen foundation is a thickly covered pattern in silk, which has a raised appearance. For example, on a black or dark steel-coloured ground is an arabesque of cardinal red or dead gold; on a dark blue or green, a cream-coloured design; whilst on mauve or heliotrope a pearl grey floral pattern looks very elegant. Afternoon and evening toilettes are very elaborately trimmed with pleatings and gatherings in great variety; and with a little care and ingenuity these inexpensive trimmings are easily run up, and make excellent substitutes for

the handsome but very costly gimps and fringes which are so fashionable, but so much beyond the purses of many who wish to be in the fashion. The *Révue de la Mode* recently gave several designs for these pleated trimmings which were not at all difficult to copy and very effective. Narrow flounces are much worn, and look very nice in soft materials.

A pretty dress for an afternoon tea may be made thus: Skirt of heliotrope-coloured silk. On the left side seventeen narrow flounces reaching to the hip, four flounces are carried round the base of the skirt. Over-dress of fine cashmere, draped in soft folds on the right sides, and at the back, open to show the flounces at the left side. Plain pointed corsage, with a short basque, cut square and open, with *revers* over a white muslin and lace chemisette, elbow sleeves, trimmed with lace and silk pleatings. This costume may be made in a variety of mixtures—cardinal red silk and black silk or cashmere, the latter is preferable to the former, as it falls in much softer draperies. White cashmere over any dark or light silk, the upper dress delicately embroidered in gold or silver thread Grecian pattern. The Henri III. corselet bodice is the most worn in Paris, and to a moderately good figure it is very becoming.

There is quite a rage for black in Paris, especially in satin, richly trimmed with jet embroidery and old point lace. Black velvet is also in favour, and forms a perfect background for the display of many kinds of rich lace which have assumed the appearance of age so as to defy detection. For young people, the coloured blondes to match the dress, sometimes outlined in seed pearls, make a very pretty trimming for evening wear. That, in our opinion, very ugly design of white spots on a black or dark ground, which is never long out of fashion in Paris, has cropped up again; these *petits pois blancs* vulgarise the most distinguished-looking woman, just as do the black-and-white check trousers a gentleman, even when worn by a modern Comte d'Orsay.

We are in duty bound to mention these spots and blemishes, but advise our fair readers to avoid them. Some of the new materials for evening dress are very elegant satins—so stiffly brocaded that they will stand alone on their own merits, and gauzes so diaphanous that, as a poetical contemporary describes, "they are simply woven wind!"

One dress from a famous Parisian house merits description. Made of Alzimir satin, light topaz colour, the bodice, Princess shape, has on one side a long scarf which holds up the train and front, so as to display a white silk skirt entirely covered with lace; a long trail of lilac acacia trims the draperies, and the same flowers are on the low bodice. *Apropos* of evening dress, we have heard many rumours as to the adoption of two-coloured hair, but only laughed at the idea, until, at a recent artistic reception, we really saw a leader of fashion with piebald hair—it was either dyed or bleached into stripes of alternate black and white; the result was at all events sensational. Some of the artistic costumes were passable, a few charming, and a great many fairly grotesque.

Costume balls are and will be the height of fashion this season, from the modest calico ball, which is really very pretty and easily managed, to the grave and magnificent costume balls under the superintendence of real historical artists, where a curl too few or a bow too many incurs the gravest censure.

Spring mantles are now divided into the "Mantlet," the "Pelerine," and the "Paletot Visite," all of which are becoming or not, according to the height and breadth of the wearer; bead embroidery, lace insertion, rich gimp, and fringe are lavishly employed for trimmings for dress occasions, but the natty little plain cloth jacket, or the simple little mantlet to match the costume, always look neat for the morning promenade.

As to hats and bonnets, they are made in every style and shape to suit all faces. A most charming hat from Paris which is called "the Rubens" (we know not on what grounds) is made of black Tuscan straw, with a wide brim on the left side, turned up, and going halfway round to the back of the head, lined with black velvet, and covered at the edge with white point d'Alençon, on the right side two tufts of feathers and golden pins. This shaped hat looks well in any mixture of materials, and is becoming to most young faces. Black jet and lace bonnets are fashionable, with wide silk strings of the colour to match or contrast with the costume worn with them; this is a most accommodating mode. *On dit* that white hats and bonnets will be very fashionable this season, in plush, satin, *tulle*, or lace, or all combined; natural flowers of the simplest or choicest description will be adopted; when properly mounted on wire they will last a day, and when not to be had their vacant places may be filled by a bow or feather.

Stiff linen collars are quite *démodé*, lace *fichus*, ruffles, muslin, large square collars, edged with lace and surah silk collars, sailor shape, have quite superseded them. The gaudy striped linings to hoods for ulsters or jackets had but a short reign; they are now considered quite vulgar.

The thick fringe on the forehead, and even the light curls, have given place to a neat parting down the middle of the head, with only a stray curl or two to break the lines. Smoothly braided bands are the thing now in Paris, and many a *piquante* face has lost half its charm by this servile "follow-my-leader" fashion which is adopted in the French capital, but far less so in England.

"THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT"*

THE work concluded by this volume is one of the most important contributions which have been made to biographical and historical literature during the present generation. Mr. Martin explains that the amplest materials were placed at his disposal by Her Majesty, and that she left him "entire freedom as to how they should be used." It must be admitted by every class of readers that he has proved himself in all respects worthy of the confidence with which he has been treated. From the documents entrusted to him he has constructed a narrative of extraordinary interest, which throws unexpected light on many of the prominent events of the Queen's reign, and which traces with remarkable clearness and vigour the Prince Consort's career and the leading qualities of his character. Middle-aged men can still remember how often the Prince was misunderstood during his lifetime. Englishmen were disposed to be jealous of the influence he exerted in the development of British policy, and suspiciously watched for any sign of undue interference on his part with the working of the Constitution. For some years before his death the nation began to do justice to his prudence and public spirit, but not until he was suddenly snatched from it did it realise how lofty had been his ideal, and how great were the obligations he had conferred on his adopted country and on the world. It is not too much to say that the figure presented in Mr. Martin's volumes is that of one of the wisest and most unselfish men who have held a leading place in the modern world. There was hardly a movement of his time intended to promote the general welfare which had not his active support; and with regard to some of the most characteristic movements of the nineteenth century—especially those for the encouragement of science and art, and for the improvement of education—he had opinions and aims which were far in advance of the vast majority even of his enlightened contemporaries. In politics he was by inclination and conviction an ardent upholder of Constitutional principles, and Mr. Martin has had occasion to indicate many instances in which his advice was of essential value both to the Queen and to her Ministers. His private character was singularly attractive. A vein of sadness, it seems to us, runs through much of his correspondence; he was one of those

*"The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort," by Theodore Martin. Volume the Fifth. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1880.)

gentle and refined spirits who are often perplexed by the darker aspects of existence, and to whom, in certain moods, life does not appear to have any prizes about which it is worth while to contend with eagerness. Yet in his intercourse with his family and with the world he was almost uniformly bright and cheerful, and he had a keen appreciation of pure and delicate humour. His pleasures were all of a high and noble kind, befitting a Prince of his great position; and nothing could be more beautiful than the warmth and constancy of his affections. The extracts made by Mr. Martin from the Queen's Diary would alone suffice to explain the intensity of her grief at his loss, and his letters to the illustrious lady who is now the Crown Princess of Germany enable us to understand the love, confidence, and reverence with which he was regarded by his children.

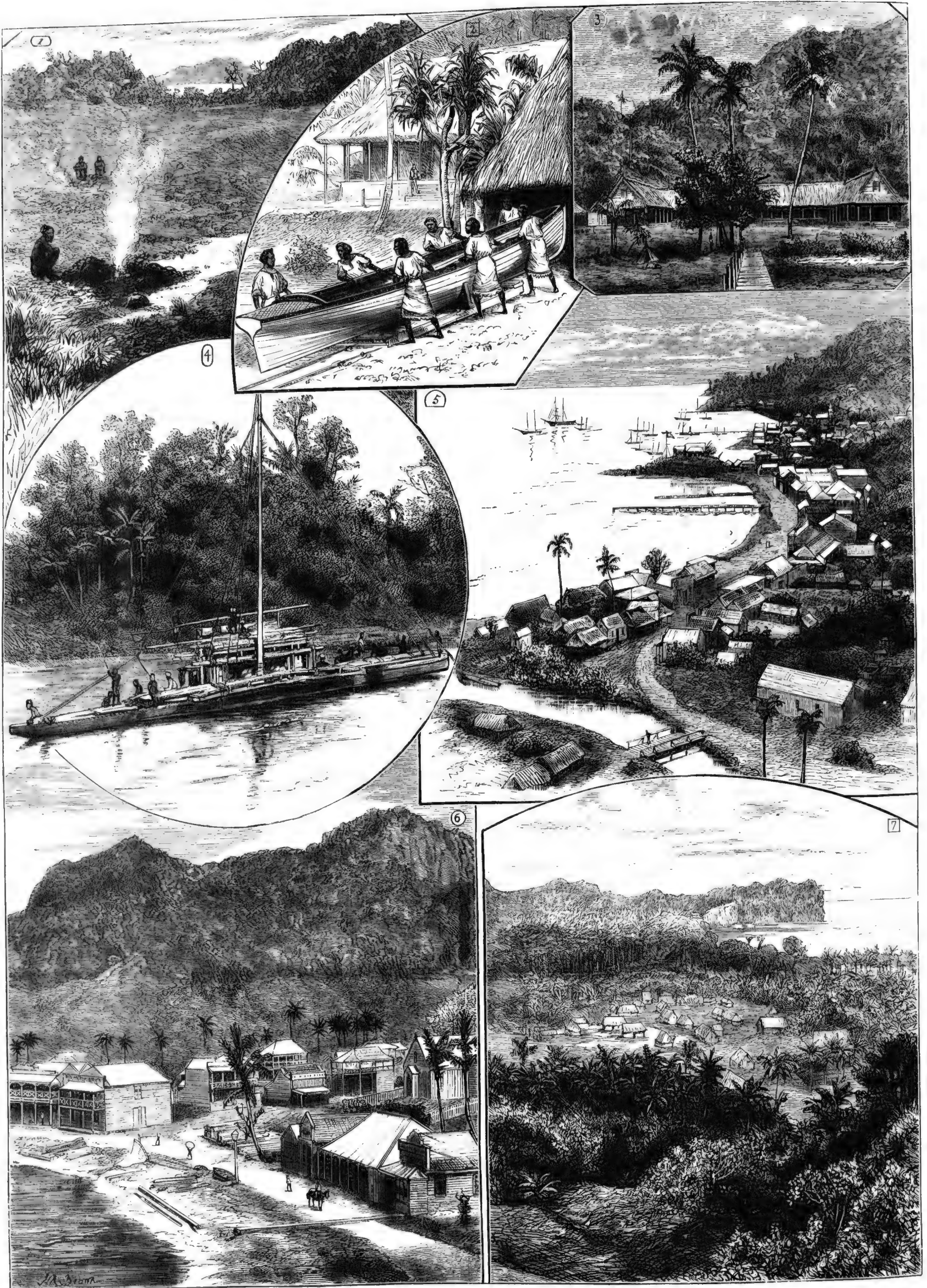
The present volume deals with the last two years of his life, 1860-61, during which, as at the present time, the attention of England was mainly directed to questions of foreign policy. The views of the Prince with regard to the unification of Italy were not those which are now all but universally maintained; but it is only fair to remember that cautious politicians were inevitably more or less shocked by the manner in which Italian independence was achieved. Besides, it seemed to be all but certain that United Italy would be absolutely subservient to France, and there was reason to fear that this would bode no good to Germany. Napoleon steadily insisted that he wished to maintain the peace of Europe; but his demand, after the Italian war for Nice and Savoy, broke for ever the confidence of the world in the purity of his intentions. In England especially this demand excited strong indignation. It was in vain that Napoleon tried to convince Great Britain that she had nothing whatever to do with the matter; she refused to be persuaded that she ought not to trouble herself about a violation of international morality which, bad enough in itself, might lead to still more mischievous consequences. The Prince Consort fully shared the popular sentiment on the subject, and when it seemed possible that the resentment of the French at the freedom of our remarks on their policy would result in war he was among the most earnest of those who urged that England should prepare for the worst. Mr. Martin's vivid account of the discussions of that time is full of interest, and not without bearing on current controversies. The party headed by Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden wished the country to rely solely on the effects of the Treaty of Commerce which had recently been signed, and Lord Palmerston was denounced as a mischief-maker. It is refreshing to turn from the vague talk of the "peace at any price" politicians to the quiet good sense of the Prince, who never forgot that excessive economy, if applied to a nation's means of defence, may in the end prove to be the most costly of all policies. By every means in his power he encouraged the completion of the system of fortifications and the growth of the Volunteer force; and when there was ground for supposing that our ships were being superseded by those of France, he gave the naval authorities no rest until they had made good the deficiency. Mr. Bright and those who sympathised with him may, of course, point to the fact that, after all, war did not break out; but can they be sure that it would have been averted if their counsels had been adopted? Napoleon himself would have been unwilling to fight England; but he was subject to pressure, and the pressure of "the colonels" might have become irresistible had not England made a vigorous and unexpected display of national spirit.

The interest of the Prince Consort in his native country was strong to the last, and there are several long letters to the Prince Regent of Prussia (now the German Emperor), which show how completely he understood the real needs of Germany. He was a steady advocate of unity, and at a time when Prussia was generally disliked by Englishmen he urged that unity was to be secured through her alone. It is significant, however, that in his opinion the mission of Prussia could be fulfilled only by a policy of progress and moderation. Again and again he asserted that her business was to take the lead in Germany, not through violence, but by establishing Parliamentary institutions, and by becoming a centre for the hopes and aspirations of all the best and wisest Germans. The course of events has been very different from that which he foresaw, but it does not follow that he was mistaken. Had Germany attained freedom before unity she would not have had half the perplexities by which she is now overwhelmed. The process would have been slow, but it would have been sure; and it would have saved the world much of the misery which has attended the bolder schemes of Prince Bismarck.

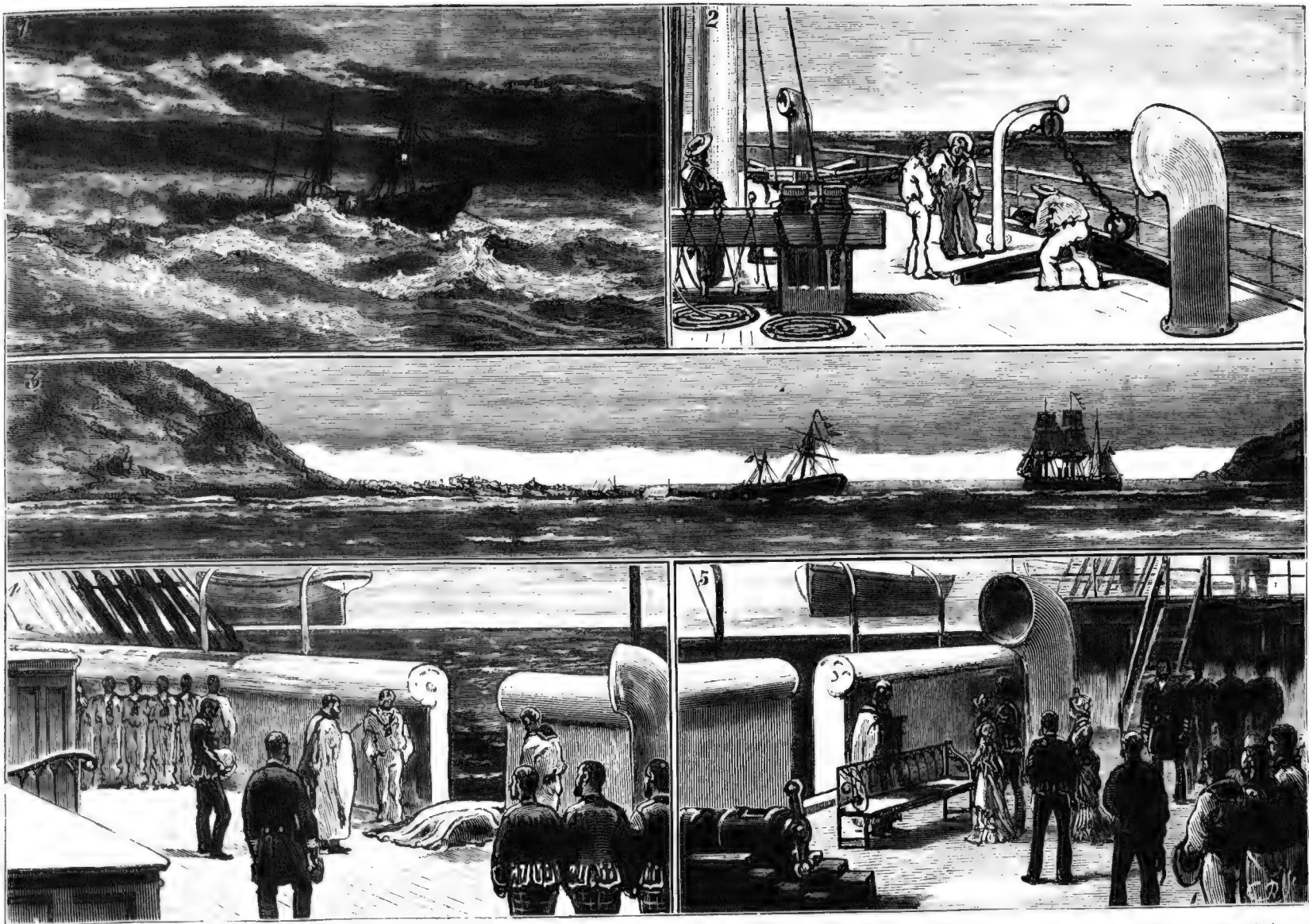
The last act of the Prince relating to public affairs was one of the most beneficent of his great career. Many of our readers must remember the anxiety with which the country awaited the response of the American Government to the demands of England for the release of Mason and Slidell. We appeared to be on the verge of a war against which hardly a dissentient voice would have been raised, yet upon which the nation would have entered with profound regret. The calamity was probably averted by the Prince's foresight in softening the terms in which our case was presented. The difficulties by which the United States Government was surrounded made it exceedingly sensitive; and a defiant, dictatorial tone would have rendered almost any sacrifice preferable to submission. The spectacle of the Prince, stricken with mortal illness, rising at an early hour and writing with a pen which he could scarcely hold a memorandum that made a satisfactory concession on the part of the Americans easy and honourable, is one of the most touching and suggestive scenes in modern history.

Of the passages in this volume relating to his private life it may suffice to say that they have all the interest and charm of similar passages in the preceding volumes. As years went on, his duties multiplied, until at last it seemed to become the general opinion that he was capable of overtaking any amount of work. If there are people who suppose that Royal personages are exempt from care, they will read with surprise the record of all the toil and worry which fell to the lot of the Prince. His sense of duty was so intense that he shrank from no obligation, and it is beyond question that by his conscientiousness he undermined his health. He was not, however, without reward. "In love," he wrote to his eldest daughter, "consists the inward tie, in love is the fundamental principle of happiness;" and few men can ever have loved wife and children more sincerely than he, or been more sincerely loved in return. The story of his last days is deeply pathetic, and it is told with great fulness of detail, but with perfect simplicity, by Mr. Martin. The reader closes the book with the feeling that when the Prince died a great light was quenched, and that England owes him a debt of gratitude, not only for his disinterested labours on her behalf, but for the example of his purity, unselfishness, and wisdom.

YET ANOTHER PLAN FOR AN INLAND SEA is being formed, this time, however, in the Far West, where the Governor of Arizona proposes to bring back the waters of the Gulf of California to what is believed to be their old basin in South California. This is at present a sandy desert, sustaining neither man nor beast, with a thin fringe of sage-brush on its borders, measuring 200 miles in length and 50 in width, and being in the centre 350 feet below the sea level. By cutting two canals of respectively ten and fifteen miles at each end of an intervening lake of twenty miles long, General Fremont believes that the basin might easily be filled in some six months' time, at a cost of 200,000. The great necessity of Southern California and Arizona is moisture, and this body of water would temper the climate of the neighbouring districts, where at present the heat is intolerable and vegetation impossible, thus rendering this part of the country as fertile as the neighbouring tract of Sonora, which has water in plenty.



1. The Boiling Springs at Savu Savu Bay, Island of Vanua Levu.—2. One of the Government House Boats and Crew.—3. Government House and Landing Wharf at Nasova, near Levuka.—4. Large Double Canoe, with Native Chief and Retinue on Board.—5. General View of Levuka.—6. Part of Beach Street, Levuka.—7. Native Village on the Island of Cicia.



1. The "Orontes" at Anchor in a North-Easter off Durban.—2. The Starboard Anchor after the Gale.—3. Offering Assistance by Signal to a Stranded Steamer.—4. A Soldier's Funeral at Sea.—5. A Soldier's Marriage on Board H.M.S. "ORONTES"

COMING BACK FROM ZULULAND—ON BOARD H.M.S. "ORONTES"



AFGHANISTAN — ERECTING TABLETS OVER THE GRAVES OF THOSE WHO FELL AT THE TAKING OF THE PEIWAR KOTAL, DECEMBER 2, 1879

M.P. IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

THE people of Brindleton had behaved so badly to their excellent M.P., Mr. Meeking, that when the dissolution was announced that worthy gentleman declared he would not seek the honour of re-election at their hands. He confessed that he had only arrived at this determination with sorrow, but it was rendered imperative by the fact that the relations between himself and his constituents had ceased to be characterised by that invariable pleasantness which he—Mr. Meeking—considered for his part to be desirable, if not essential.

In thus making known his intentions and ideas Mr. Meeking alluded to a series of very stormy scenes, and to a long, irritating correspondence which had been going on during the previous six years between himself and three gentlemen who might be called the Grand Electors of the borough of Brindleton—Mr. Coxey, a hatter; Mr. Wimble, a pastrycook; and Mr. Mones, a Dissenting preacher. These three had repeatedly assured Mr. Meeking that he had belied their expectations, that they had no more confidence in him, and that at the next election they would feel that they were discharging a public duty in ejecting him from his seat. Howbeit, when his letter of resignation reached them they rubbed their heads in sore perplexity, for they well knew that they should never again find a Member so amiable and obliging as this one, who had at length turned, like the proverbial worm, under the pressure of their hoofs.

Mr. Meeking was a gentleman of property who had done an immense deal of good in Brindleton before it had occurred to the electors of that borough to send him to Parliament. He had not sought this honour; it had been thrust upon him rather against his wish, for he had no very decided opinions as a politician, and took a serious view of the responsibilities which his duties would lay upon him. However, he was petitioned by a requisition so numerously signed that it amounted almost to unanimity, and in the event his supporters got him returned unopposed. For this Mr. Meeking felt thankful, and he showed his gratitude in many generous ways. Members of his committee were constantly coming up to London, and he would invite them to dine at his club, and give them orders for the Strangers' Gallery, or for the theatres. Sometimes they asked him for stalls at the Opera, for beds at his house, for invitations to parties at the mansions of the aristocracy; and he always complied with their requests, so far as in him lay. But they demanded of him more substantial things besides—posts of emolument or Government favours for themselves or their friends, and in these matters also Mr. Meeking showed himself helpful. His committee had originally consisted of nine members, and of these, six soon contrived to settle themselves, through Mr. Meeking's agency, in snug berths, at the taxpayers' expense. The M.P. for Brindleton disposed of a good deal of influence, as do all men who are rich, respectable, honest, and who have no personal ambition. One of Mr. Meeking's committee-men, who was a doctor, got appointed physician to a London hospital; another, who was an exciseman, obtained a post in the Customs; a third, who had been a sub-editor of the *Brindleton Standard*, got introduced to the staff of a first-class London daily; and so forth. There remained at the time of the dissolution but three of Mr. Meeking's committee to be satisfied—Messrs. Coxey, Wimble, and Mones, already named—but the M.P. had found it impossible to ingratiate himself with these, so exorbitant were their requests.

Coxey, the hatter, wanted a Government contract to supply the whole British Army with helmets; Wimble, the pastrycook, insisted that he was the proper person to supply all Her Majesty's gaoils with flour and Australian beef; while Mones, the Dissenting preacher, was persuaded that Government ought to purchase a million copies of a tract of his on the abuses of tobacco, and distribute the same gratis over the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

For having failed to meet their demands Mr. Meeking had been harassed, bullied, and threatened by the three patriots whom Brindleton delighted to honour on account of the fine principles which they emitted when they took their walks abroad, or met over the board-tables of different charities. There are some Members who would have shown Messrs. Coxey, Wimble, and Mones down stairs; Mr. Meeking, being a tranquil man, took the less fatiguing course of placing his resignation purely and simply in his persecutors' hands.

This event caused something like consternation in Brindleton, where the ex-M.P. had many friends among people who had never asked him for anything, and liked him because of his goodness and liberality. But the whole truth about the causes of the resignation was not known, and Mr. Meeking was the last man to tell it.

Two candidates at once came forward—Mr. Blagg, a bustling barrister from London, who wanted to work his way through a political career to a pious judgeship or something better; and Mr. Carmidgeon, a squire who held property in the county. Now Carmidgeon was a close-fisted churl, who would have seen Messrs. Coxey, Wimble, and Mones all three hanged before treating them to a feed at his club; while Blagg was a fearfully keen customer, upon whom all the arts of wheedling or intimidation would have been lost. He wanted every scrap of influence within his reach for himself, and was not the man to fritter it away upon others. Coxey, Wimble, and Mones, having taken stock of these candidates, decided that they would not do at any price; and so they went in a lamentable deputation to their late Member, entreating that he would, "for the sake of their dear Brindleton," reconsider his determination.

Mr. Meeking was not a humourist, else he might have enjoyed the sight of the three whilom arrogant faces bent upon him with so suppliant a look. As it was he contented himself with pointing gravely to a heap of piled letters on his table, and said: "Gentlemen, you have assured me over and over again that I had forfeited your confidence."

"We wrote those words in a parliamentary sense," rejoined Coxey, who had not read "Pickwick" for nothing.

"And it was not I who wrote them," chimed in Wimble, the hatter. "I never quite agreed with those who blamed you in this borough."

"In any case the brotherly chiding of well-wishers ought not to be received in a vindictive spirit," interposed Mones, the Methodist preacher.

"Well, gentlemen, you made my duties a little difficult, and I think it is better that our connection should cease," answered Mr. Meeking, rather nervously, for he was a shy man, who disliked "scenes." "Besides, I have made arrangements for supporting Mr. Blagg."

"Mr. Blagg!" exclaimed the three committee-men in a tone of dismay.

"Yes, Mr. Blagg; he is a hard-worker, patient and firm, and his views coincide more nearly with mine than do those of Mr. Carmidgeon."

"But we won't vote for Blagg," shrieked Coxey, the hatter. "What has he ever done for Brindleton, this Londoner, whose very name is unknown to us?"

"Then you can vote for Mr. Carmidgeon," answered Mr. Meeking, quietly. "He, at least, is no stranger to you."

Here the conference ended. Mr. Meeking was not to be shaken. He had been made to swallow so many leeks by the trio of Brindleton worthies that he felt as though he had had more than enough of this nourishment. Nothing could have induced him at that moment to come forward for Parliament again, so Messrs. Coxey, Wimble, and Mones went away with fleas in their ears.

Meanwhile something like an agitation was beginning to manifest itself in Brindleton. It had got to be suspected that Mr. Meeking's motives for resigning were not wholly connected with political reasons, and some among the more independent burghesses expressed their intention of finding out "what was what." These good people were somewhat baffled, however, by the attitude which Mr. Meeking assumed in standing up for Mr. Blagg. The ex-Member stated in effect that every generation has need of new men, and that he for his part represented the past rather than the future. He besought the electors to vote for Mr. Blagg, who would advocate the interests of their town in an earnest spirit, and advance the cause of all progressive legislation generally.

Somehow, though, the people of Brindleton did not like Mr. Blagg. He talked too much, and had evidently too keen an eye to his own advantage. In his canvass he made no way at all; not a soul would give him a promise of votes except on the proviso that Mr. Meeking did not come forward. Mr. Carmidgeon found himself pretty much in the same case. "If Mr. Meeking comes forward we'll vote for him," said the persons whom he canvassed; "if he doesn't perhaps we'll vote for you; at least we'll see about it."

The upshot of this was that after a while both Mr. Blagg and Mr. Carmidgeon announced their intention of withdrawing from the contest sooner than throw away their money "in the dark," as they put it. Then Brindleton stood in the odd predicament of having no candidates at all.

A borough without candidates does not occupy a dignified position. Messrs. Coxey, Wimble, and Mones quaked when they perceived that, owing to their misconduct, there was no possibility of getting any respectable man whatever to court their suffrages. In their perplexity they went to the Sheriff, who expounded to them the law of the land to this effect:—"You are bound to elect somebody, no matter whom. The writ which your Mayor will receive to this effect is tantamount to an order. You can't ignore it."

"But we cannot find a candidate," remarked Coxey, the hatter, piteously.

"Re-elect Mr. Meeking," responded the Sheriff.

"But supposing he won't sit?" rejoined Wimble, the pastrycook.

"Oh! that's his affair," said the Sheriff. "If he likes to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds he may, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer may refuse to let him retire in that way."

"Do you mean to say, then, that we can force a man to serve us in Parliament?" exclaimed Mr. Mones in agitation.

"Practically you may," replied the Sheriff.

"Well, then, we'll force Meeking," chorussed the three patriots together, and Mr. Mones, the preacher, thumped his fist on the table the better to emphasise his threat.

That is why Mr. Meeking, notwithstanding all his objections, will shortly be returned, unopposed, Member for Brindleton.

E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY



I.

THE *Nineteenth Century*.—Mr. Lowe is nothing if he is not vigorous, and his article on the "Docility of an Imperial Parliament" is no exception to his usual style of writing. The antipathy that exists between the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Beaconsfield is long and deep, and here with all the style of which he is capable (and as an ex-leader writer for *The Times* Mr. Lowe is no mean hand with his pen) Mr. Lowe fiercely attacks the Premier, and the Conservative majority which is so subservient to him. Mr. Lowe poses too much as the financier, and boasts—though many will scarcely agree with him as to the virtue of the statement—that whereas other nations have bought their freedom with the sword, we have purchased ours in the hard current coin of the realm. There are thousands of our fellow-countrymen who do not care to be reminded that we are a nation of shopkeepers, and who look with pride on the vast Imperial possessions on which the sun never sets, and their boast is that this has been purchased with the heart's blood of the nation, that the glory of our Army and of our Navy has been increased by the extension of our Empire, and that England's freedom is as much due to the valour of her sons as to the length of her purse. The article is undoubtedly a clever one, but savours too much of personal animosity and unsatisfied ambition.—Mr. E. D. J. Wilson and Mr. Justin M'Carthy contribute articles on the "Common Sense of Home Rule," each taking extremely opposite views of the same question; both are worth reading.—Lord Dunraven's "Days in the Woods" is a sketch of life in the backwoods of America, and is written in the author's usually happy style.—Miss Lonsdale's remarks on the present crisis at Guy's Hospital will surely provoke a retort from some surgeon connected with the institution, when doubtless many of her assertions will be cleared away.—It is a pity that some officer better posted on the subject was not asked to write the article on the "Native Armies of India." As a British artilleryman who has never served with Native troops, Sir John Acland merely expresses the views of a theorist on a most important subject, and these views are marred by the imperfect knowledge of the author.—Mr. Gladstone's article on Religion is in the best style of that gifted man; it is full of life, originality, and vigour.

The Fortnightly Review.—Were it only for Mr. Evans' admirable article on "The Austrian Counter Revolution in the Balkans," the current number of this magazine would be a very high-class one. Few men are better posted in all that relates to this part of Europe than Mr. A. J. Evans; few have had more opportunities for studying the subject; and we know of none whose opinions are more entitled to respect. Mr. Evans is as unsparing in his denunciation of Austria as ever Mr. Gladstone has been, and he predicts either that the Slav provinces of Europe will be incorporated in one Empire, or that they will be Russianised before many years are out. The present lull in the storm in the East but betokens, in the author's mind, a fiercer outbreak in a few short months.—The editor's article on "Home and Foreign Affairs" is an admirable summing-up of the Liberal policy, and should be read by supporters and opponents of Lord Hartington alike. The other contributions are in the usual style of this clever though rather heavy magazine.

Macmillan has an admirable article by Mr. A. J. Wilson on City Parochial Charities, in which the author makes out a strong case for the necessity of a Parliamentary inquiry into these great Corporations. We wonder what Mr. Fowler, the candidate for the City and Champion of the Guilds, has to say to the quiet misappropriation of the rents of the six houses bequeathed by Lady Gresham for the benefit of the poor of St. Vedast's, in the City. In 1819 the value of the rents of these houses was 209l. per annum, it must be close on 3,000l. now, and yet the Mercers' Company pay but 9l. towards the poor these houses were intended to support. Reform in the value of Church livings is also insisted on, and with some show of reason. Many of our suburban churches are miserably paid; yet Mr. Wilson gives us nine parishes in the City with an aggregate population of 4,698 whose stipendiary value is over 15,300l. per annum. The article should have appeared last month, and should have been addressed especially to the electors of the City of London.—An admirable sketch of official corruption in Turkey is given in the article on "Baksheesh;" and Mr. Freeman presents us with one of his Somersetshire peans of triumph, which

will be of interest to those who look upon that county as the centre of the universe.

Blackwood contains an instalment of the powerful novel, "Rector; or, What's in a Name," and the third part of *Bush Life in Queensland*, which will be acceptable to the many colonial readers of this Conservative periodical. It closes with a very characteristic essay on "British Interests in Ireland," the purport of which it is easy to understand, but the drift of which it is difficult to follow. "Maled's Holy Day" is a peculiarly idiotic piece of verse quite unworthy of a place in the magazine, which shows signs of deterioration since the master hand which guided it for so many years has now been removed from the wheel. The memoir of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak is decidedly good.

Temple Bar is full of light interesting matter; perhaps the best novelette is that entitled "Dosia," but undoubtedly the review of the life of Bishop Wilberforce is the most valuable contribution to this month's magazine.

The Theatre has many articles which will interest followers of the profession or thorough-going theatre-mongers, but there is little in it to call for general remark.

Mr. Anthony Trollope's serial, "The Duke's Children" is the mainstay of *All the Year Round*, which is scarcely up to the mark this month.



A FALSEHOOD AND A TRICK.—On Tuesday, at Oxford, fourteen Danish oxen were paraded through the city, decorated with the Radical colours, and accompanied by men with notices that the Conservatives had endeavoured to raise the price of meat 2s. per lb. by prohibiting the importation of foreign cattle. It was added that the Radical candidate, Sir William Harcourt, had foiled this attempt. Now these statements are absolutely untrue. The Conservatives carried the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Bill, by opposing which Sir William Harcourt gave deep offence to all farmers and English breeders, but that measure had for its sole aim the prevention of the spread of a dangerous and infectious disease among English cattle, and its effect has been excellent. The disease in question has been virtually stamped out, and we may say with something like certainty that but for the opportune framing of the Contagious Diseases' Act meat would now be greatly above its existing price. Sir William Harcourt may or may not aid his party by his aspirations to serve as their political buffoon, but he certainly will do them nothing but injury by showing that a candidate for a seat in the next Liberal Cabinet is an enemy to the wisest measures passed in the agricultural interest, and will not hesitate for political purposes to be party in what we can only call a falsehood and a trick.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SHOW.—The Council of this Society have decided to postpone their Annual Spring Show from Easter Monday, the first day fixed, to the 13th of April. This decision is said to have the approbation of the majority of exhibitors. Postponements are always dangerous, and seldom advisable, but, if any change of this character is justified, we think the Dublin Council have a good case. Still, there is the additional disadvantage incurred in changing from a general holiday to a day of no specially festive character.

MALT, BARLEY, AND SUGAR USED IN BREWING.—From returns just published it appears that the sum obtained from the malt tax was, in 1878, 7,081,010l.; but, in 1879, 6,240,088l. only in England, while for the United Kingdom the sum was 7,907,512l. in 1878, and 6,994,259l. in 1879. Barley imports in 1878 equalled 3,963,937 quarters; in 1879, 3,232,968 quarters. Of sugar there was used the enormous quantity of 116,927,019 lbs.; London brewers alone using 40,883,144 lbs. In Scotland hardly any sugar appears to be used. These returns ought to convince the Government that a tax on beer instead of malt would increase the revenue. They have already admitted that the malt tax is theoretically unjust and should be abolished if there were a sufficient surplus to admit such a course.

LORD LEICESTER ON AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION.—In reply to a question addressed to him on the subject, Lord Leicester states that if the pastures of the United Kingdom were thoroughly drained and efficiently farmed, they would produce double the quantity of food now obtained from them, and besides, the farmers, would in wet summers, be preserved from the very serious loss in sheep. The present systems of rotation of crops likewise require alteration, in his opinion.

SCOTCH SALES OF PURE BRED STOCK.—In the season just terminated there have been a large number of sales by auction, but lower prices than formerly have ruled current. In the autumn the partial failure of the turnip crop had a bad effect upon the market, and many cattle holders pressed sales at low rates. Meters, however, are now assuming a higher aspect. The total number of pure bred cattle has been 735, and 16,850l. have been realised. In the previous year 662 animals fetched 17,188l., so that the average value per head has fallen from 25l. 18s. to 22l. 18s. Three or four years ago the average price was 33l. Sales of young bulls, and of cows and heifers, show a similar reduction in the average value.

ROT IN SHEEP.—In addressing the Bedfordshire farmers on Saturday last, Mr. Buckmaster spoke most despairingly of this disease, which he said was incurable by any existing specifics and which was at the present time absolutely without remedy. He had examined the liver of a sheep on Mr. Hubbard's farm at Addington. This sheep had been drenched with all sorts of specifics, yet the progress of the disease has in no case been hindered. After these remarks the meeting generally concurred in Mr. Buckmaster's hope that animal diseases in stock should be much more carefully studied than they now are.

FARMERS AND TRACTION ENGINES.—It is satisfactory to find from the case of *Power v. Fall*, just decided in the High Court of Appeal, that where farmers' stacks are set on fire by sparks from passing traction engines, an action for damages will lie against the owners of the engine. The House of Lords, in the case of *Fletcher v. Mylands*, laid down the rule that where a man takes upon himself to use anything of a dangerous nature he is responsible for any damage which may be caused by it to his neighbours. This rule of law has now been held to apply to traction engines passing along country roads.

FLOWERS.—Professor Trail has recently been delivering, in the north of Scotland, some very interesting lectures on flowers. His examination of the recent discoveries by Charles Darwin and Sir John Lubbock, as regards the fertilisation of flowers, were particularly instructive.

EQUALISATION DUTIES.—The speech of the Premier on Monday night, in replying to the Duke of Rutland and the Marquis of Hertford, paid a just tribute to the patience of farmers in bearing the trials to which they have now been exposed for several seasons. "The cultivators of the soil still form the largest and most important class of the industrial world, and are still the greatest employers of labour;" and the Premier confidently expects that "when the

English farmer has been blessed with a harvest, and experience to come to a direct opinion as to the effect of foreign markets in the production of wheat and corn generally upon our own," then it may be hoped a "variety of measures" will allow some prudent plan to be adopted that will be better than hasty legislation in "a season of depression." This gives some promise that home and foreign agriculture may be placed on an equal footing.

CHEAPER MEAT.—We hear of gigantic efforts being made in America to fit up six large steamers to bring over during the summer season such meat as the Australians showed the Yankees might be packed and brought to our markets.

EQUINOCTIAL WEATHER.—The farmer who has watched the last few days—light easterly winds, dry atmosphere, and often powerful sunshine—looks forward for its continuance. But he may be reminded that if the summer is to be hot and dry, "all the showers that April brings" should be carefully stored for time of need.



LIKE many another old Indian, Mr. James Inglis didn't take enough care of himself when he came home on sick leave. Spring among the Grampians was too much for him, and he went back to his Oudh jungle only to be thoroughly prostrated. Crippled with rheumatism, he was lifted up the steamer's side, little thinking that "a few months of the wonder-working air of sunny Australia would make him a hale and active man again." He has become a New South Welshman; and, loving the land which has given him a new lease of life, he speaks with a loving friend's freedom. He wants to move the young, with whom lies the future of the country, to take broader views, and to put an end to jobbery by sending the right men to Councils and Parliaments. It is not well that a "swagsman loafing for rations should, thanks to a brazen throat, become a successful candidate trafficking for patronage and office." He writes also to answer such questions as: "Would you advise me to come out?" "Could a man with a small capital and large family do anything?" Thus "Our Australian Cousins" (Macmillan) has a twofold aim. It is full of information about climate, sport, scenery, workmen's wages, cricket (unhappily tainted with the inevitable book-making), shale beds as an investment, dugong oil as a really palatable substitute for cod-liver, indigo and other Indian plants as paying products. But it also sets forth the municipal incompetence, the degradation of Colonial Parliaments, the overgrown Civil service, the shrinking of good men from public life, the apathy which is content with sewers just boarded over as a substratum for suburban cottages. We are assured that in 1854 the Sewers Commission so managed things that, while the workmen drank champagne every day, even Pitt Street after a storm would break up into big holes owing to the rotting of the covering planks. It is strange that cities the growth of yesterday should lack parks and open spaces; but these seem very generally to have been forgotten till ground has grown prohibitively valuable. Round cottages the eye is vexed by the absence of gardens and the presence of rubbish heaps. Hotel and boarding-houses are cheap (compare Sydney with Rio, for instance) and the *cuisine* is good; but rooms everywhere are very small because workmen's wages are so high. Larikins thrive, thanks (says Mr. Inglis) to the callous indifference of the rich, who will spend on anything but philanthropy. We trust he overrates the extent to which selfish indifference has leavened the Sydney moneyed class. On the all-important land settlement he applies his Indian experience to the squatter difficulty. His advice is, "Don't sell any more land. Give Crown leases subject to periodical re-assessment; and make all land pay something towards State expenses." It seems a strange grievance that in a new country much of the land round the centres of population is in the hands of a few monopolists, who often leave it untill till the expenditure of public money has enormously raised its value. Our race, at the Antipodes and elsewhere, has a deep respect for vested rights; but such a policy at other times has provoked a social war. We heartily recommend Mr. Inglis's book; among other things, he is a keen sportsman, and his description of a kangaroo battue will delight those who love a well-told tale of slaughter.

Dry humour has always been such a characteristic of "Friends" that we wonder it was left to Mr. Pike to compile a Quaker Joe Miller. His "Quaker Anecdotes" (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Nottingham: Derry) are that and much more. He repeats most of the old stories—how the Quaker's housekeeper said to the bailiff who had disguised himself in Friend's attire:—"Walk in, and he shall see thee," replying to the appeal made after an hour's waiting:—"Thou promised I should see him." "No, friend, I promised he should see thee; he hath seen thee; but he doth not like thee," and so on. He even ventures on the sermon in which the Quakeress wonders the young men go after the girls, for if they stayed at home the girls would soon come after them. Nay, he reminds us of the bun which the young was held up in a Friends' Meeting-house as a prize for the first speaker, only his wag is Barham of the "Ingoldsby Legends" instead of Theodore Hook. He mentions, too, the disgust with which Sir A. Helps heard a venerable Quaker fellow-traveller, from whom he was expecting words of loving wisdom, ask his daughter: "Hast thee heard how Southamptons (i.e., South Western shares) were yesterday?" But he tells us, too, about old and modern persecutions—among the old being those by Puritans, both here and in America, which Mr. Bright has lately been forced to remember; the new occurring in the Southern States during the War of Secession. He also tells how in 1658 two Quakeresses had "drawings in their minds" to visit Alexandria and do what Hypatia had done. They reached Malta, but there got into the prisons of the Inquisition, and after four years were sent back to England. Quakers have been fond of interviewing Sovereigns; Joseph Lancaster had a long talk with George III. at Weymouth; nor was Nicholas the only Russian Emperor who had to receive a Friends' address. In 1814, Alexander, two Grand Dukes, and a Grand Duchess attended service at the Meeting-house near St. Martin's Lane; nay, at Brighton the Emperor went into a Quaker's house and had half-an-hour's chat, kissing the hostess's hand when he went away. A Quaker even managed, thanks to Cardinal Gonsalvi, to see all over the Inquisition and look into its archives, and also to have a *tête-à-tête* with the Pope. As he was entering the Papal presence his hat was whisked off his head and the door shut before he could recover it.

Great is the contrast between "London in 1880" (David Bogue) and "Days and Nights in London; or, Studies in Black and Grey" (Tinsley).—The former is a wonderful shilling's-worth. The name of its compiler, Herbert Fry, Editor of "The Royal Guide to the London Charities," guarantees its completeness, and the bird's-eye views of the chief thoroughfares (like those we used to get of the Rhine and Moselle) are a new feature of streetography, and far more helpful than maps. As we read Mr. Fry we can well believe with Herschel that London is the true centre of the terrestrial globe. Mr. Ritchie, whose "Night Side of London" is a quarter of a century old, shows that the brilliant picture has still some dark shadows. The music-hall is one of these; it exists to promote the consumption of drink, whereas at the theatre people, as a rule,

drink little or nothing. The sooner Mr. Hullah and his friends improve it the better, for Mr. Ritchie's experience (which is that of all who care to look into the matter) is not cheering. "If we ever have a case of embezzlement among porters or shopboys," said a lawyer in large practice, "it is always to be traced to a music-hall."

Captain Creagh has lived long in Armenia, and "having eyes and ears, and no prejudices," he certainly deserves a patient hearing. His contention is, that while the Armenian dislikes the Russian because he does not want to be Russified, he hates the Turk, who galls him to the quick by overwhelming him with social contempt. When you talk to an Armenian, he praises the Turks for their fairness, extols "the self-government which leaves us our language, our national customs, the education of our children quite free and untrammelled;" and winds up by assuring you that in fifty years the Russians have done more to denationalise the Armenians than the Turks have in many centuries. "Besides," he adds, "under the Turks we have all the trade and most of the money in our own hands." All this seems very straightforward, and agrees with Captain Burnaby's story of the schoolmaster who was imprisoned because a Grand Duke noticed on the school-room walls some portraits of old Armenian kings; it was treason to hang up any portraits save those of the Russian Imperial family. Yet Captain Creagh asks us to believe that all this is merely simulated, because the speaker assumes that every Englishman is a Turcophile, and that when he gets to know you, and feels sure you'll not go and tell the Pasha "with a view of having his grievances redressed," he will talk in quite a different strain, and tell you, "as I walk about the streets of Erivan I feel I am a man; here I am a mere dog." So impressed are the Armenians with our love of Turks, that our author was once asked: "Are not you English Mussulmans like the Osmanlis?" What are we to do, then? Let Russia get the rest of Armenia? "No, a thousand times no," cries Captain Creagh, who dreads Russian aggression even more than he execrates Turkish misrule. He believes in Peter the Great's Will, and thinks that, since Constantinople will probably go to Austria, Russia will be all the more eager to recoup herself in other directions. One great source of Russia's strength and of our weakness is that all soldiers in her army are equal, whereas no Sikh or Goorkha can ever hope to equal in rank any English officer. "Persia," we are warned, "is the true base for the invasion of India; and Russia, owning Kars and Batoum, has complete command of Persia." Our mistake began when we allowed Paskiewitch to slice off large portions of Armenia and Persia, though bound by solemn treaty to protect the latter country. Probably the best we can now do is to make our Asia Minor protectorate as effectual in spite of Russian intrigue. An Armenian nation can no more be thought of than a separate Government for the Germans in London. The first need is to check the Koords, a set of ruffians, whose atrocities in Alishkird and elsewhere during the late war were simply devilish. Captain Creagh's two volumes, "Armenians, Koords, and Turks" (Tinsley), contain, besides hints and suggestions full of interest for the most apathetic, a lucid summary of Turkish and Armenian history. Of the Armenians he has a very high opinion. Their virtues are their own, due to the pure Caucasian blood which (unlike some writers) he assigns to them; their faults chargeable on to their unhappy history, are more than compensated by the tenacity with which they have clung to their faith and to the traditions of their old greatness. The book deals with a very important subject, and treats it with great freshness as well as much insight.



"AN ARTFUL WIDOW," by Vernon St. Clair (Tinsley Bros.).—Last year a series of articles appeared in *The Times*, headed "Anglo-Indian Society." They created a certain amount of amusement at home; but gave rise to a torrent of indignation at Simla, the fair inhabitants of which vowed dire vengeance on that one particular special correspondent, should he venture again to penetrate the mysteries of our Indian Capua. There were some who said that Dr. Austin had formed quite an erroneous estimate of Anglo-Indian society, and who maintained that the "bow-wow" system which obtains at hill stations is after all a very harmless method of passing the time. Others took a more serious view of the situation, and, pointing to the file of cases in Sir James Hannen's Courts, urged that his idea of compelling every Anglo-Indian lady to appear before a jury of matrons ere she was permitted to emerge from a moral quarantine at Southampton was a right and proper step, fully justified by the career of the "grass widows" at Mussourie and Simla. Mr. St. Clair in this book gives us his views of Indian ladies thirty years ago did not possess a high standard of virtue. We must confess that we are unable to divine which is the artful widow—the playful, scheming little woman who entrapped the foolish old colonel into a marriage at the Cape; or the guileless girl who, during a short detention at Malta, so far forgot the honour of her grand old gallant husband as to permit herself to be seduced by her old lover. As for Mr. St. Clair's final question, "Who sinned—this woman or her parents?" we unhesitatingly answer—this woman. The book contains a poorly assorted *rechauffé* of old Indian stories, and is conceived in the worst possible taste throughout. A halo of purity is cast round an act of adultery, and an incestuous connection is only stopped by the sudden death of the poor child of sin. Fortunately human life in a novel counts for nothing, and so Mr. St. Clair is enabled to bring a bad book to a bad ending.

"Lily of the Valley," by Mrs. Randolph (Hurst and Blackett), is another work which deals with frisky Indian matrons. That two children entirely unconnected should be so remarkably alike in appearance as to be quite undistinguishable is a very improbable circumstance, but when once the reader has realised that such a thing is possible he naturally prepares himself for a "mixture;" and when one Lily falls overboard from the P. and O. steamer in Malta Harbour, it is evident that the survivor is to be handed over to the wrong person, and made the pivot on which the tale shall revolve. In course of time the mistake is discovered, not before "Lily of the Valley" has experienced her fair share of this world's knocks and buffets. She has an unusual, though perhaps on the whole, a pleasant habit of falling into the arms of young gentlemen at very short notice, and more often than not lapsing into a state of insensibility, thus adding doubly to the interest of the scene. With this solitary exception Lily's conduct appears to us irreproachable. The first two volumes of the book are somewhat weird in tone, but joy reigns in the third, and all goes happy as a marriage bell. Many will enjoy Mrs. Randolph's latest attempt, but we must confess that it is by no means her best.

Miss Grant's works are always worth reading, and her latest work, "Prince Hugo" (Chapman and Hall), is no exception to the rule. There is no staining after effect, no vague attempt at sensual sensationalism, but a tender delineation of modern life in its purest aspect. Zare, the lovely *prima-donna*, who promises her hand to the warm-hearted impulsive young naval lieutenant, afterwards to learn that her heart can never accompany it, is a loyal, hearty, brave woman; once and once only does she give way to the passion she feels for Prince Hugo, and then, remembering the refrain of her absent lover's favourite song, "loyale je serai durant ma

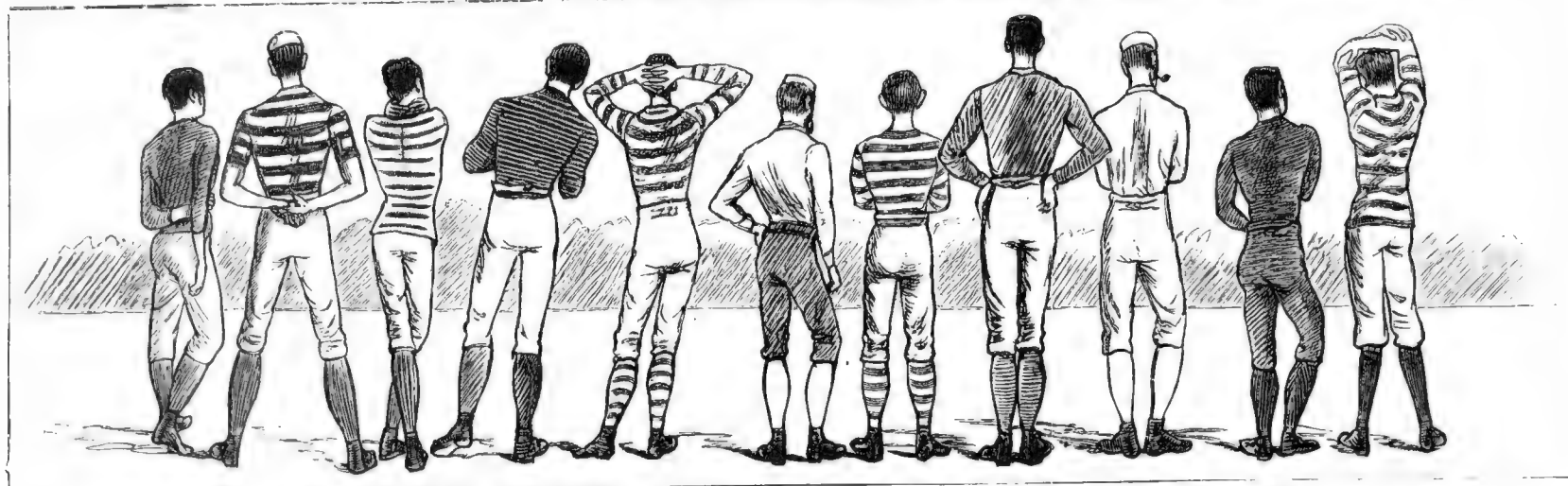
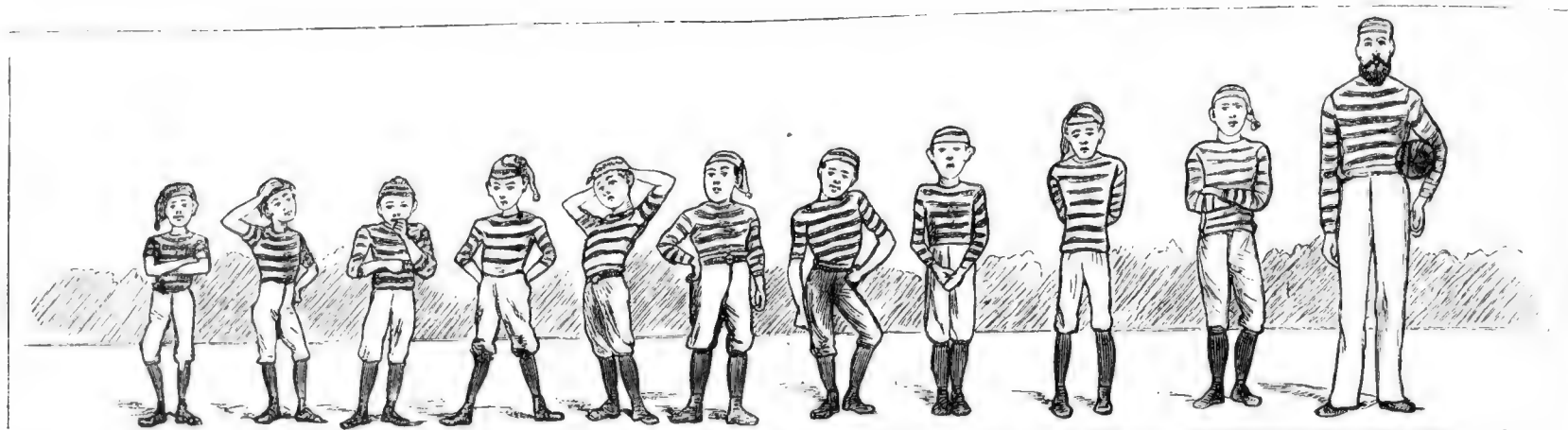
vie," she bravely returns to her allegiance. The book is totally devoid of incident, yet the characters are so well drawn, and many of them with such a gentle, truthful hand, that we feel Miss Grant is describing to us men and women she knows in the flesh, and scenes in which she herself has been an actor. "Prince Hugo" is a novel we think well of.

"No Relations," by Hector Malot (Bentley and Son).—Messrs. Bentley and Son deserve the thanks of the reviewer far more than those of the novel-reading public, for though they are indefatigable in providing light refreshment for easily-satisfied minds, and their works are generally of an eminently readable nature, yet in this matter they but compete with other great publishing firms; their conduct towards the reviewer is unique, and one which might with propriety be followed by all publishers. Scarcely a novel is issued from their house with leaves uncut, and thus a mind untruffled with the cares of wielding the paper knife is brought fresh into "review order." "No Relations" is a pleasantly-told tale of the vicissitudes of an English boy who, stolen as a baby, is left to starve by an uncle, who hopes to inherit his brother's fortune. The child is picked up by a French labourer, tended by his good wife, and when trouble and want overtakes the worthy pair, Remi is handed over to a wandering musician, who treats him with a father's kindness. Finally he falls in with his own parents, is recognised by his mother, and eventually inherits the family estate. Mr. Malot describes French peasant life with charming truthfulness, and from a slight plot has constructed a very pretty novel, which will be appreciated by those who do not seek after sensationalism.

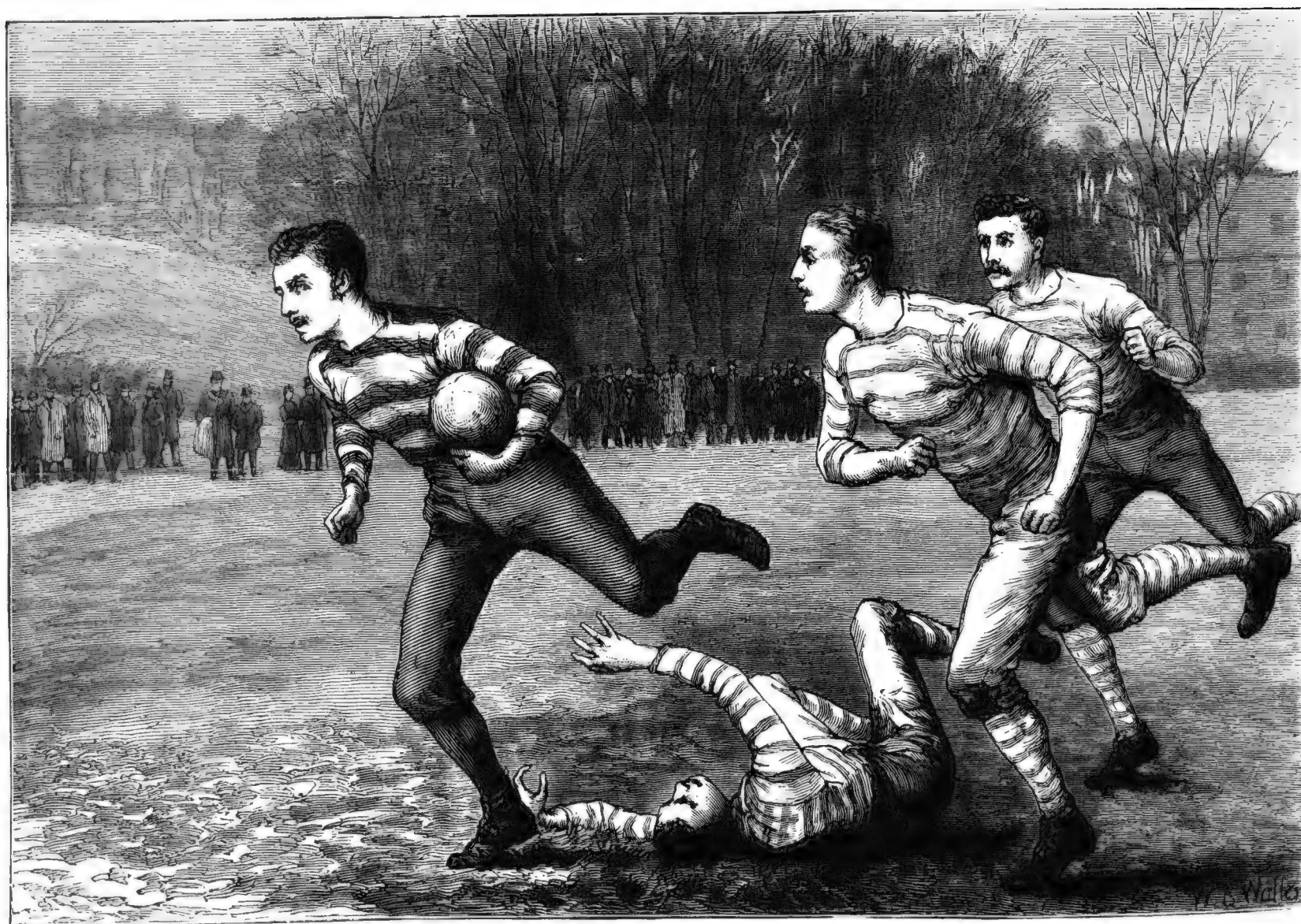
"FLOWER PARTIES" are the favourite spring entertainments just now in New York, where immense sums are spent on every style of floral decoration. Ladies carry splendid bouquets, while at a recent ball each guest was presented with a horse-shoe basket filled with sweet blossoms. Half-opened Japanese umbrellas, planted with ferns and grasses, are suspended from the ceilings; indeed, umbrellas are the latest shape for glass hanging-baskets, the handle serving as a loop. At a Surprise party, also, lately given to the violinist, Ole Bull, on his seventieth birthday, the chief present was a large violin made entirely of white pinks, the screws being represented by tiny red roses.

SACRIFICANT DRAPERS.—It would be difficult, perhaps, to give a reason why the linendraper doing business in populous and working-class neighbourhoods should be more penitentially disposed than other shopkeepers, but judging him by his acts there can be no question that he is so. Whether it is that his profits are so exorbitant as occasionally to alarm his conscience, or whether he is more liable to hard times than other tradesmen, and seeks to win back the smiles of Fortune by voluntarily further impoverishing himself, it would be a waste of words to speculate on. This much is certain, however, that no shopkeeper than himself is so frequently beset with an irresistible yearning to make sacrifice of his goods for the public benefit. It is generally in the spring time of year or in the autumn that these ruinous fits attack him, but they may affect him as unexpectedly as sunstroke. Overnight, and up to the usual hour of closing his premises, order and method hold their accustomed sway in every department, but during the intervening few hours between winding down the shop shutters and winding them up again what a startling change has taken place! An earthquake could scarcely have wrought greater havoc, or more complete disorder prevail if by supernatural agency the shop and stock had been whisked aboard ship in the Bay of Biscay, and there tempest-tossed for an hour or two. Last evening there was not a roll of ribbon awry; now the mischievous Genius of Topsy-Turvydom could desire no more complete confusion. Flannels, calicoes, and more precious stuffs are heaped in pell-mell disorder; feathers, flouncings, and laces, and such like goods of worth have somehow forfeited the respect due to them, and have been pitchforked together like hasty salvage from a fire. The public, however, are not left in doubt as to what is the matter. The linendraper himself is hysterically eager to make it known. "Great Sacrifice!" "The Entire Stock at Fifty per Cent. below Cost Price!" "Reckless Reduction of Former Prices—Observe the Altered Figures!" And this last is the most perplexing part of the whole affair. It would not be surprising if, being in such red-hot haste to put into execution his urgent resolve, the sacrificial alteration of figures was made with a degree of slovenliness that at a calmer time would be inexcusable, but, strangely enough, had the hundreds of altered price tickets occupied a whole month in their preparation the work could not have been performed with more skill and neatness. There may be nothing significant in this, but there are folks so ill-natured as to insinuate that the "great sacrifice" at such times is all on the side of the credulous purchasers, who too confidently part with their money.

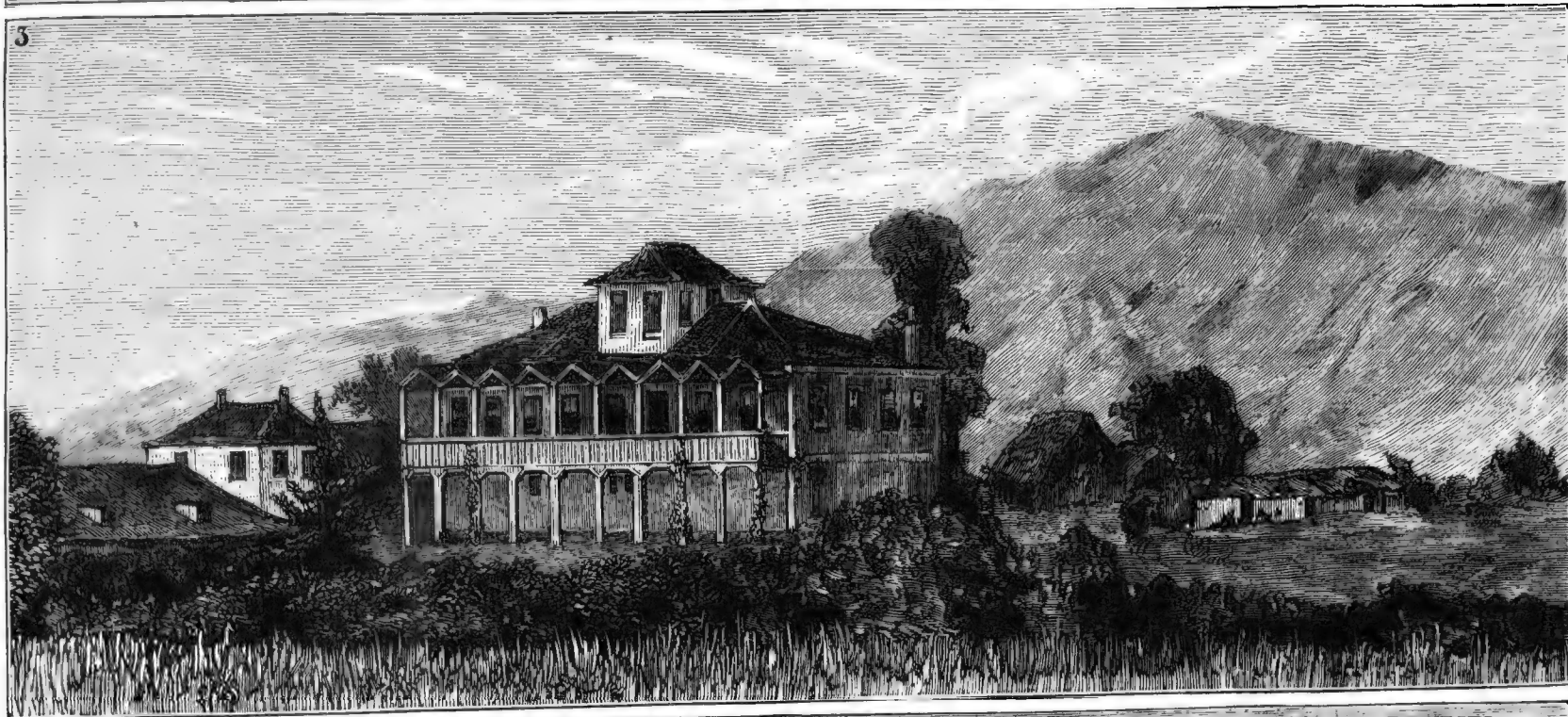
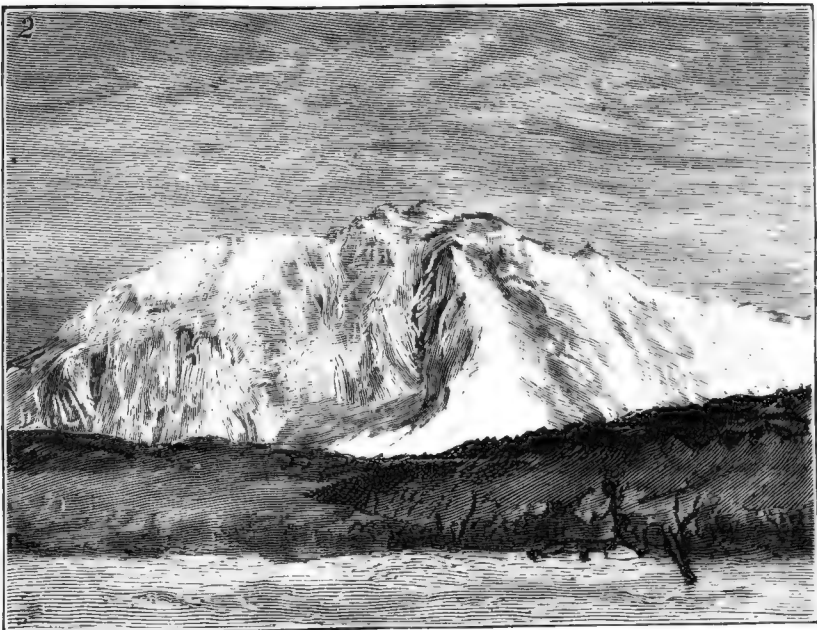
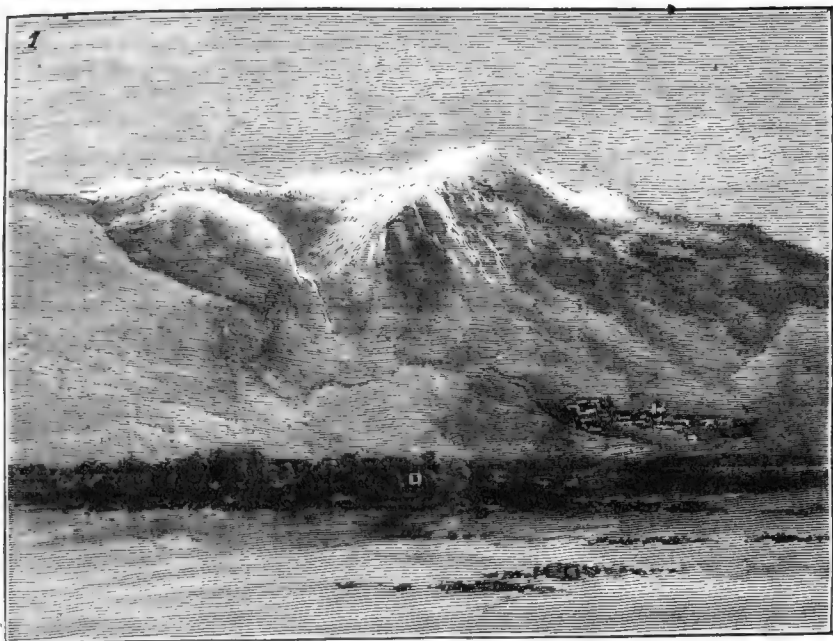
THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.—A very remarkable fact in connection with the operation of the Adulteration of Food Act is that there is not one solitary instance on record of an accused person being really guilty—if his word may be taken for it. He is invariably the unfortunate victim of circumstances quite beyond his control. The milkman in whose cans twenty per cent. of water is discovered can only account for the fraudulent mixture by suggesting the possibility of the vessels used in his business having been imperfectly dried after they were washed. The detected grocer never intended to sell as tea the rubbishy sample of which the officer produces in court. It had been put aside as worthless, and quite by mistake was retailed over the counter by an assistant almost ignorant of the business. The publican summoned for selling weak gin-and-water for neat gin was ill in bed or away from home at the time, and his young man, unaware that the bulk of spirit had already been "lowered," added again the allowed per-centage of "liquor," and hence the seeming offence. The baker solemnly asseverates that he never had an ounce of alum on his premises, and that he always uses his flour exactly as he receives it from the miller, &c., &c. In most cases where the convicted shopkeeper asserts that he retails his goods precisely as he receives them from the merchant, the magisterial advice to him is that he is foolish if he does not at once proceed against the dishonest merchant who has got him into the scrape, and recover exemplary damages from him. Should the said advice be given in terms that imply incredulity on his worship's part the general public admire him for his sagacity. There are instances, however, when this hard judgment against the accused may be undeserved—especially as regards the baker. There are hundreds of bread-makers and sellers in the poorer parts of the metropolis who are so completely under the thumb of the miller who supplies them with flour as to be almost helpless but to obey his dictates. Failing trade, illness, recklessness in business, a dozen things, may place them in this unfortunate position, but so it is. The miller is the baker's chief creditor, and he holds the lease of the latter's premises, as well as perhaps a bill of sale on his household effects, and he sells him bad flour at the price of good. It is so bad that it would not pass muster in its manufactured shape unless it was doctored, and the miller doctors it, and the poor baker has to make the best of it. The adulteration is detected, but the unlucky tradesman dare not take the advice of the magistrate. He bears the ignominy and the miller pays the fine, as, of course, he can very well afford to do. As need not be remarked, it is only an "outside" class of the flour-dealing community who countenance this shabby system of doing business, which is more iniquitous than that of the insatiable ogre Fee-fo-fum himself. For whereas the latter merely ground the bones of an Englishman to make his bread, the rapacious miller consigns the wretched baker, body and bones and bread as well, to his mill that he may wax fat and make money.



BOYS VERSUS MEN—THE RIVAL TEAMS



RUNNING WITH THE BALL



1. The Bermium Hills and the Greek Town of Naousta from Tricovista House.—2. Mount Olympus from Tricovista House.—3. Tricovista House, Residence of Colonel Syngé, where he was seized by the Brigands.—4. The Landing-place of Katerina, where the Negotiations for the Release of Colonel Syngé were carried on.

THE CAPTURE AND RELEASE OF COLONEL SYNGE

mind of working men generally that it would be a charitable action of incalculable value if some philanthropist would cause a popularly written digest of the decision to be gratuitously distributed amongst them.

MR. DUNN, THE DEPUTY CONSTRUCTOR OF THE NAVY, and Messrs. Tamplin, the shipbrokers, are to be congratulated on having been acquitted by a jury of the grave charge of being parties to a corrupt agreement for the purpose of defrauding Her Majesty. The action, which was instituted by the Admiralty, and the hearing of which lasted six days, related to an arrangement for the purchase of a ship for telegraphic service in the Persian Gulf, by which, it was alleged, Mr. Dunn was to have a share of 1,500*l.* commission, the price of the vessel being 20,000*l.* Mr. Tamplin's demeanour under examination was not of the most candid character, and it was unfortunate for Mr. Dunn that some letters which might possibly have thrown light upon the case had been lost.

THE FORGED REPRIEVE.—Dr. Whiteford has been condemned to pay a fine of 50*l.*, and to suffer two months' imprisonment without hard labour, for the foolish crime of which he at the last moment acknowledged his guilt. Some attempt was made to show that his mind had been unhinged by the interest he took in the man Shurety, but Mr. Justice Denman pointed out that such a plea would result in a sentence of confinement during Her Majesty's pleasure, so it was withdrawn. The judge remarked in passing sentence that Dr. Whiteford had committed not a kind act but a very cruel one, and it was a most fortunate thing that the forgery was so clumsy that it was detected almost instantly, and did not have the effect of delaying the execution.

RAILWAYS IN JAPAN are making steady progress, and three new lines have been opened, one of these being in the Island of Yesso,

the most northerly of the Japanese group. The rails are English, but the rest of the materials come from America, while the engines are provided with spark-arresters, lest any sparks should kindle a fire amongst the shingle-roofs of the neighbouring villages, and so create a prejudice against the railway. The two first engines have been named after two celebrated early Japanese heroes, Benkei and Yoshitze.

LOTUS BLUE, mandragora—red with a violet tinge—vanilla brown, coffee colour, and the soft tints found in old Venetian glass, are to be the favourite hues for feminine attire in Paris this season.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES have crossed the Atlantic, and an attempt is being made in New York and Boston to institute these establishments on the English model, for the sale of ready-made clothing and millinery. The authoress, Miss Kate Field, is the mover of the scheme, which is all the more likely to succeed, considering the usual high prices of wearing apparel in the United States.

BIRTH.

On the 23rd ult., at 7, Spencer Road, Holloway, the wife of EDWARD JARRETT, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 18th ult., at Jesmond Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, by Canon Addison, GEORGE STRAKER FALCK, second son of HARRY S. EDWARDS, of Byethorn, Corbridge-on-Tyne, to SARAH CAROLINE, youngest daughter of the late J. T. HERVELL, of Summerville, Corbridge-on-Tyne.

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A SYLVAN QUEEN. By the Author of "Rachel's Secret," &c.
POET AND PEER. By HAMILTON AIDE.

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The following noblemen and gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Stewards:—

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The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.
The Right Hon. Viscount Court.
The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird.
The Right Hon. Lord Crewe.
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Noblemen and gentlemen desiring to add their names to the above list are requested to communicate with the Chairman of the Committee, Lord Aberdare; or with the Secretary, at the Hospital. Contributions will be thankfully received either by the Secretary, or by the Bankers, Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co.; Messrs. Hoares; or Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co.

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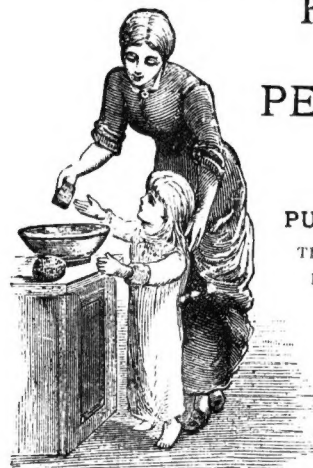
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is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered
a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked
among the benefactors of the human race. The
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table of feelings, a general oppression, which is
the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black
despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that
if taken in time the mystic contents of a little
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longed-for remedy, and before night was cured;
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an advertisement, so I beg you to understand
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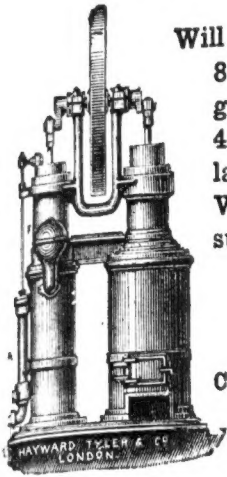
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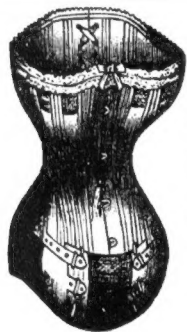
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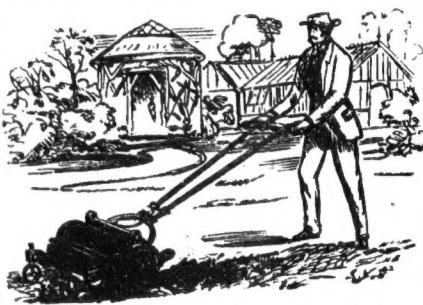
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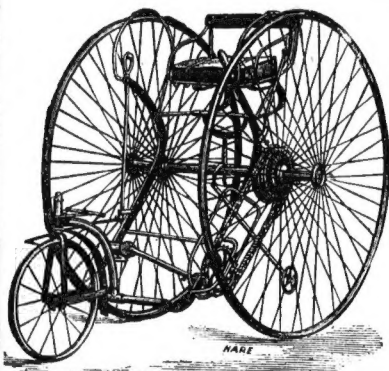
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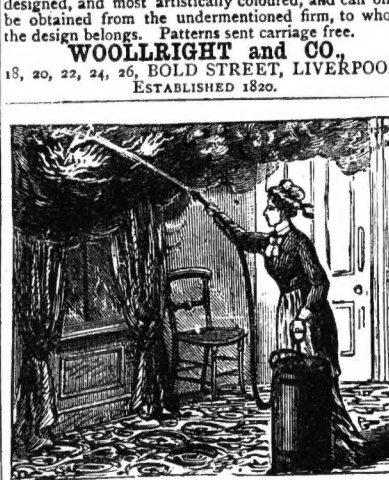
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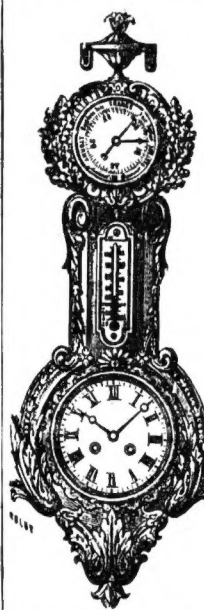
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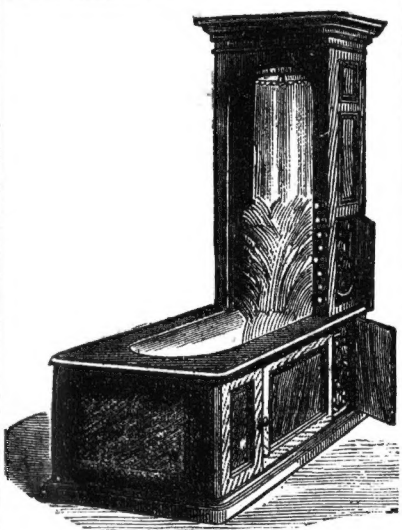
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